THE SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY

VOL. IV APRIL, 1912 No. 1

HEROES OF FAITH

ALBERT THORNHILL, M.A.

I.—John Wesley

THERE is hardly a town or even a village of any importance in the British Isles without its Wesleyan Methodist meeting-house or chapel. There is scarcely a country in Europe or a city in the United States, or an English colony anywhere, which does not contain great numbers of members or adherents of the Methodist body. There is hardly a native state in Africa, or a section of India or China where Methodist missionaries are not at work trying to civilise or to Christianise the people. Scarcely a year passes without many men and women hazarding their lives in this work. For their mission takes them away from home, and friends, and country, to half-savage lands, and fever-infected areas, among peoples who are slow to trust them, and whose customs are barbaric. I suppose that apart from the Roman Catholic Church there is no church in Christendom which can claim so many members, or which attempts such gigantic labours as the Wesleyan Methodist. It is time now that we learned a little concerning the founder of this great movement.

The Boy

John Wesley whose name the church perpetuates was no ordinary man, and he accomplished no ordinary task. He was the fifteenth child of Samuel Wesley, and first saw the light at Epworth rectory in Lincolnshire in 1703. Though his father was a clergyman of the Church of England, his grandfathers were both among the brave men of '62 who left their livings rather than conform. The Wesley's was a busy household, and young John, though sprightly, and quick to learn, was kept busy. He was given his alphabet one morning and told that he must learn it before going to bed at night. Each day had its set task, and each member of the household his own appointed duty. An incident which John never forgot as long as he lived occurred when he was but six years old. In that year he had a very narrow escape from being burnt to death. Perhaps it was this that gave a serious purpose to the young lad. Certain it is that John's mother felt that the precious life thus spared deserved her prayerful care, and under this oversight the boy grew thoughtful, and religious in spirit. He was early sent to the Charterhouse School, London, and every morning before breakfast might have been seen running thrice round the building in fulfilment of his father's command; the object being to strengthen his constitution, which was none too robust. All his life he was fond of athletic exercises such as swimming, walking, and riding, but these pursuits were never allowed to withdraw him from more serious tasks. While quite a lad he learned Hebrew. At the age of seventeen he entered the great College known as Christ Church, Oxford, and there gained a good position for diligence in his studies. He had to be very careful in his habits, for he had but little money. But this fact turned out a source of blessing; for he learned that a spare and temperate diet was better for his health, and all his life adhered

to it. At the age of twenty-one he became a bachelor of arts. A few years later his happy father was able to write, ' My Jack is fellow of Lincoln,' by which he meant that John Wesley had gained a position on the governing body of Lincoln College, by virtue of his scholarly attainments.

Religious Convictions

About this time he began to be troubled about religion. He read much and formed his own judgment, even though he felt forced to disagree with wise and able men. He did not like those clauses in the Athanasian Creed which say that those who do not believe its doctrines ' will perish everlastingly.' He disagreed with the dogma which says that God has willed that some of his children shall be saved, and condemned the vast majority, beforehand, to everlasting torment, no matter what they may do. Nor did he like books which told of a secluded and selfish piety in the monk's cell. He was much impressed at this time by the wise advice of an aged friend who said to him, ' Sir, you cannot serve God alone. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion.' This great truth sank deep into his heart and became the inspiration of his after life. One of the great books that influenced him at this time was Law's ' *A Serious Call to a Holy Life.*' After reading it, Wesley said, everything appeared in a new view.

The Holy Club

It was at this period that John discovered that his brother Charles (also at Oxford), and two friends had started a little society, which had gained for itself the nickname ' The Holy Club.' The three were called ' Methodists.' Of course those who gave them these names did so sneeringly. But nicknames hurt nobody, and sometimes like the names ' Christian ' and ' Quaker,' and even the name ' Methodist,' they can be glorified by the fidelity of those who bear them. John at once became their head and was called the ' curator of the Holy Club.' Encouraged by their father and a few friends the Wesleys pressed on. They and their fellow members met for study, and prayer, and for weekly communion. Like the members of the famous club at Cambridge two hundred years before, of which Bilney was the leader, they made it their business to relieve the poor, to see that the children were educated, to visit the prison daily, and encourage the prisoners to pursue higher ideals of life.

A Man of Method

They were, however, very cheerful about it all. Wesley never went about with a long and dismal countenance. He was cheerful and even hilarious, and late in life said he had scarcely ever known depression of spirits. Still he was careful to discipline his body to endurance and his mind to regularity of work. He rose at four o'clock each morning to cure himself of sleeplessness. Every day he devoted two hours to private prayer, and gave a day every week to writing letters to his friends. He was now a man more than thirty years old; and though he might have continued residing at Oxford all his life, he felt a serious call to a more active field of service. He refused, however, to succeed his father in the Epworth parish, because he felt the responsibility of ministering to so large a parish too great. ' Two thousand souls,' said he ; ' I see not how any man living can take care of a hundred ! '

Instead he chose to start off with his brother Charles to lead a Moravian mission in the colony of Georgia, to convert the Indians, and to raise the tone of the white people there. After two years of bitter failure he returned. Reflecting upon it, he blamed himself. He had been too hard, and severe, and censorious; and it dawned upon him that he who had tried to convert others stood in need of conversion himself.

Wesley's Call

For a while he had no regular appointment but preached occasionally in churches, for he had been ordained priest at Oxford. He was uncertain what to do, but conscious of a desire to do some work for God in the world. The call came to him in an unexpected way. George Whitefield, one of the members of the ' Holy Club,' seeing the sad and almost brutal lives of the very poor had gone to teach and preach in the poorer quarters of Bristol. Being unable to keep his appointment on one occasion, he sent for John Wesley to speak for him. In much doubt as to the wisdom of open-air preaching, and still more of his own ability to speak under those conditions,

Wesley went, and from a little eminence outside Bristol, found himself addressing some three thousand people, mostly colliers. From that hour the work claimed him. He soon became conscious of his power to persuade and hold great crowds. His large, penetrating eyes, his simple direct way of speech, his yearning love for the eternal well-being of the most sunken and depraved, his voice that could ring out in trumpet tones or melt in pity for the degraded, all combined to bring his message home to the hearts of the people.

Wesley's Travels

He thus began, at the age of thirty-six, that wonderful itinerant ministry of his which continued for more than fifty years. During those years he travelled more than 250,000 miles, chiefly on horseback, and it is said that his journal would form a guide-book to the British Isles. He crossed to Ireland more than forty times, went frequently to Scotland, several times to the Isle of Man, and once to Holland, journeys which had been unequalled up to that time except perhaps by those of St. Paul and George Fox. Often on these preaching journeys he met with rough and even violent usage, for he was always intent on reaching the lowest of the low, and would not be refused a hearing. He longed to bring the world to a deep inward vital religion. And the world had need of his mission. For the clergy of that generation were more fond of fox-hunting than caring for the souls of the people, or even for their physical wants. And in the great towns such as Bristol, Manchester, and Newcastle were large masses of people living under the worst possible conditions. Women worked in the coal mines ; small children wrought like slaves, with no one to protect them or teach them. For Sunday schools did not exist, and the parish clergy if they had wished could not have attended to the needs of so many.

It was for these unshepherded souls that John Wesley's heart bled ; for their bodily and spiritual well-being that he laboured. His method is well illustrated by an entry in his journal in which he tells how after travelling through Derbyshire and Yorkshire he came to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It was Saturday night, and the degradation of the place deeply impressed him. Next morning he stopped at the end of a street in the lowest part of the city and sang the hundredth psalm. At first a few curious people came to see what was the matter ; others followed. Soon fifteen hundred people had assembled. While they stood and stared Wesley preached. Then he told them who he was and that in the evening at five o'clock he would be there again. At that hour the crowd was so immense that his voice would barely reach half the people. But those who heard were 'ready to tread him under foot out of pure kindness.'

Fierce Opposition

He did not always get such a cordial reception. At Colne, for example, the local clergyman bribed a mob, by giving them 'beer and other proper encouragement,' to attack Wesley savagely and fling his followers into the river. Such savage attacks were not infrequent. On more than one occasion Wesley's life was in danger ; but he never quailed, and twice his courageous bearing so impressed his persecutors that their leaders vowed that no one should touch him. His splendid spirits seldom failed him. In Cornwall none would offer them hospitality, and for weeks he and his companion had to sleep on the floor. About three o'clock one morning Wesley awoke, clapped his companion on the side, and said. 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer. I have one whole side yet. The skin is only off on one side.'

The Old Man's Prayer

At fourscore years he was as active and frugal as at twenty. He still rose at four and preached three or four times, travelling perhaps seventy miles, visiting the sick, organising his followers. His prayer was : 'Lord, let me not live to be useless.' At eighty-seven he still preached to crowded assemblies, though he had to be held up by friends on either side. But his work was nearly done. On March 2nd in that year the summons came that called him to a higher service still. His followers by that time numbered hundreds of thousands. Indeed, from the beginning of his wonderful ministry they had grown so rapidly that he had not known how to deal with them. Beginning with open-air meetings, it

was soon found necessary to arrange indoor gatherings. Thus the first Wesleyan Chapel came into existence in 1739 in the Bristol Horse-fair ; and later in the same year an old foundry in London was adapted as a meeting-house and became the headquarters of the movement. He was reluctant to permit his workers to preach, but ordained ministers to assist him were very few, and the engagements to be met were many, and so he was compelled to permit lay preachers to come to his aid. Even then he insisted upon his preachers being church communicants, and arranged that their sermons were not to take the place of a church service. The next step in the organisation of a separate church was also unintentional. Class meetings had been formed at Bristol, and members had agreed to pay a penny per week to a fund for defraying the chapel debt. This soon became a general rule in all the Wesleyan societies, and tickets were issued to members moving from one society to another, so that the sense of fellowship and unity was felt through all.

Unwilling to Separate

This tendency to set up a separate organisation was greatly resented by the clergy ; but Wesley always maintained that he was against separation from the Church. He loved to think of himself as a minister of the church universal. Though he was compelled by the growth of the societies to set apart men for the office of preacher he refused the title of Bishop. ' Men may call me a knave, or a fool, a rascal, or a scoundrel,' said he, ' and I am content, but they shall never by my consent call me a Bishop.'

Yet never had Bishop so wide a diocese, and never was one more diligent in the oversight of his churches. To this work of saving the souls and bodies of the downcast and the outcast John Wesley gave his whole life and fortune. His income from his books, amounting at times to a thousand pounds a year, was all devoted to this and other charitable objects, while his own personal expenses were covered by a meagre ten shillings or so per week. With such Christlike self-sacrifice and zeal as its source we cannot wonder that the movement he started has grown so great, and that his followers even yet glory to call themselves Wesleyans.

II.—Theophilus Lindsey

ONE of the names held in highest honour by most of those who read the SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY is that of Theophilus Lindsey. For that reason alone, it is fitting that some record of his life should appear in these pages. But there is an even better reason for enrolling his name among the HEROES OF FAITH. His life is a splendid example of sincerity to conviction. He held to his faith in the unity of God, and taught that faith in days when it was both unpopular and illegal. Rather than be insincere he gave up his living in the Church of England and went to London where he was almost unknown ; and there he started the first avowedly Unitarian church in the year 1774. The site of that church is now occupied by the headquarters of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, but a tablet on the wall of the main staircase still records the fact I have just mentioned ; and away in Kensington, the spacious and beautiful Essex Church, with its Lindsey Hall, treasures the proud tradition that it is the direct successor to Lindsey's original church in London. There Sunday by Sunday worshippers gather in peace and quiet to worship God with hymn and chant and prayer, and to have their hearts uplifted by the soaring music and the beautiful ideas enshrined in the building. To us, who can do the same in every part of England there seems nothing remarkable in such a fact. But how great a contrast there is between this happy state of things, and the conditions under which the first congregation gathered in the auction room in Essex Street on April 17th, 1774, to hear

Theophilus Lindsey's First London Sermon

By the aid of friends a sum of about £200 had been spent upon the building to make it as much like a chapel as possible. Very tardily had the Justices granted the licence which was necessary before the building might be used for worship. It was known that some mischief-makers had tried to stir up opposition both to the preacher and the new chapel, and when the knots of curious people gathered on that memorable morning it was believed that a government spy was in their midst to take note of the sermon, lest it should contain any treasonable reference. There was nothing very startling in that sermon. Theophilus

Lindsey spoke of love to God and man as being the truest test of religion. He urged his hearers to place more importance upon the life than the creed. Each man must seek God according to his own reason, and, therefore, each should have charity towards all; for God who had given men different gifts of reason and insight, did not expect all to agree in belief. But amid diversities of belief there should be one spirit of charity and brotherhood. Thus there was started the first avowedly Unitarian place of worship in England.

Lindsey's Boyhood

Who, then, was Theophilus Lindsey; and what had made him come to London to preach views which though so grand in their simplicity and so rich in meaning, were yet so strange to those who heard them on that April morning? He was born at Middlewich in Cheshire in 1723. His father, a Scotchman, had been in the salt trade, and having suffered losses, had turned to the business of a mercer. His mother belonged to the noble Spencer family, and the little baby boy had the Earl of Huntingdon as his godfather. Great attention was paid to the boy's education. He was early sent to the Leeds Grammar School, where he began to love learning. Later he went to the Cambridge University, and gained such high honours that those who knew him looked forward to a brilliant career in the walks of learning.

The Choice and the Vow

Then came an offer of a 'fellowship' in his college, an offer which forced Theophilus to decide upon his career. He had always been steady and thoughtful; and had already earned the nickname of 'the old man' among his fellow-students, because he refused to join them in their loose and luxurious ways; and now, when faced with the question what he should do with his talents he pondered it with much seriousness. He paced the beautiful old college garden deep in thought and put to himself the question how he could best serve God and man? Then came the answer clear and forcible. He must become a Christian minister. And to this vow he adhered.

The Bishop was only too glad to ordain so scholarly a man, and Theophilus on his part had then no difficulty in accepting the church's creeds and articles. All those features of the Prayer Book which Richard Baxter had opposed so strongly, Theophilus Lindsey accepted as a matter of course. He had been brought up in the church and never dreamed of questioning the creeds.

Rich relatives found him a prosperous congregation at Spital Square, London, and later his patron, the Duke of Somerset, appointed him first chaplain and then tutor to his grandson—afterwards Duke of Northumberland. The way of advance in the church was open to him. For a while he held a rich living at Kirby Whiske in Yorkshire. Then Lord Huntingdon gave him the benefice of Piddleton in Dorset. Up to this time (he had now reached the age of thirty-three) his life had been smooth and easy. He had moved mostly among people of culture whom he liked, and had learned to know and love Hannah Elswick, the step-daughter of Archdeacon Blackburne, of Richmond, Yorkshire, and after his settlement in Dorset he married her. Life for him was now very full of joy. But soon his mind was clouded by a doubt as to the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity.

The Cloud of Doubt

It arose in this way. One day he was reading St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians and came upon the sixth verse in the eighth chapter: 'To us there is *one* God, the Father.' The oft read lines struck him in a new light. It flashed upon his mind that here was a text which contradicted the doctrine of the Trinity. He had always thought before that the Bible supported the idea that there were three persons in the godhead, of whom Jesus Christ was one. And therefore he had prayed to Jesus Christ as though he were God. It now appeared that this was no longer right. For if God 'our Father,' is the *only* God, then no other being, however great and holy, should be allowed to usurp his place. With great eagerness, therefore, Theophilus Lindsey read the Bible afresh, to see if it contained any proof of the strange doctrine that he had believed up to that hour, without doubt or question. And, to his great amazement, he could find none. What should he do? He must be sincere at all costs, and so he did not withhold from his congregation his new found faith in the supremacy of God our Father.

Back to Yorkshire

In the midst of his perplexity he received a call to the large parish of Catterick amid the spreading moorlands of Yorkshire, a call which both he and his wife were glad to accept for several reasons. It was near his wife's old home, and it gave the earnest-minded minister plenty of work of the kind he loved, work among the rough uncouth 'statesmen' who grazed their cattle and grew their scanty crops on the unfenced hills. Theophilus Lindsey built them schools and taught their children. He watched over them in sickness, providing them with medicines. And in his sermons, he told them of the love and goodness of the one true God their heavenly Father. In noble self-denying work of this kind, he and his devoted wife found greater joy than in joining with the fox-hunting squires as his predecessor had done. In this busy life, too, his doubts were, for a while, lost sight of.

Now and then, it is true, he talked over these questions with Archdeacon Blackburne and other churchmen who met together at his house. And then he discovered that many of the clergy thought as he did. But all were content to go on hiding their true opinions in the hope that some day the British Government would set them free from the promises they had made in their ordination vows. On one occasion Dr. Joseph Priestley was among the guests. Of him we must learn something in another chapter, for he had long held such opinions as Theophilus Lindsey believed, and the two became fast friends. His advice to Mr. Lindsey was that he should alter the prayers of the church to express his own convictions. This, however, Theophilus Lindsey did not then feel at liberty to do. Distressed in mind he plunged again earnestly into his work.

I should like to linger over the work and show how rich it was in blessing, and how it influenced other lives for good besides those of his poor parishioners. But it is clear that no one can silence doubt for ever, even by plunging into hard work. Certainly Theophilus Lindsey could not.

A Brave Resolution

It so happened that he fell ill with rheumatic fever, and while lying on his sick bed he pondered over his change of views. He felt that his preaching must lack power, because he still publicly read passages in the liturgy which he could not believe. Sadly, and reluctantly, he came to the conclusion that he must leave his beloved work, and go out into the world, and start a new church in which he would be free to utter all the thoughts and feelings that surged through his mind and heart.

His friends thought him foolish; they pressed him to stay on. They promised to do their best to free the clergy from subscription. But Parliament rejected their appeal, and Theophilus Lindsey now felt that as a sincere and honest man he could no longer remain in the church. Then some foolish friends tried to persuade Mrs. Lindsey to stand aloof from her husband; but the brave woman nobly stood by his side and encouraged him to be true to his conscience; and when their furniture had been sold, she started with him on his ride to London.

Life in London

Nearly a year passed. They had little money left, and few friends; and it soon became necessary to sell piece after piece of their silver plate. For a time they lodged in a mean London street, near the Strand, in a room so ill-furnished that Theophilus Lindsey had to use one pile of books for a seat and another for his desk, while he wrote a pamphlet to explain to the people of England why he had left the National church.

There Dr. Priestley found the brave man; and soon got other friends interested in his project of establishing a Unitarian church. Then the disused auction room in Essex street was taken, and money was collected to transform it into a chapel; and there, as we have seen, Theophilus Lindsey began his London ministry in April, 1774. For twenty years longer he spoke his message to a congregation that learned to love and revere him; and through his courageous example others were gradually led to found Unitarian churches in various parts of England; and the faith in the fatherhood of the one and only God was openly preached as the supreme principle of religion both in these new churches, and in many older churches which were free from credal limitations. We shall learn more of this movement from the story of Dr. Priestley; but it is well now to remem-

ber that Theophilus Lindsey, the brave founder of the first Unitarian church in England, left all that he had, and followed conscience, fearless of consequences, in days of prejudice, peril, and persecution. May all who call themselves by the same name be ever as brave as he and his true wife !

CHILDREN AND CINEMATOGRAPH PICTURES

FLORENCE H. ELLIS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW was lecturing at the Repertory Theatre in Glasgow a little while ago, and there said, 'that if young people were not taught how to enjoy themselves in a rational manner, before they left school, then in all probability, between the ages of eighteen and twenty, they would try to enjoy themselves with beer and whisky, and making love roughly—because they had been taught nothing better.'

G.B.S. always hits the nail on the head, and sets us thinking—even if he has to overstate the case to do so. Much is being done for grown-ups now in this direction, by the opening out of Repertory Theatres and the *kind* of play that is put on the stage. *Peter Pan*, *The Bluebird*, Galsworthy's *Dream* would not have appealed to a past generation. Such plays are doing what Masefield said, a short time ago, the new Repertory Theatre would do for Liverpool, for he said it was—

> That splendid thing,
> A place where man's soul shakes triumphant wing,
> A place of Art, made living, where men may see
> What human life is, and has seemed to be
> To the world's greatest brains.

Good cinematograph pictures would do for children what Masefield said such theatres do for grown-ups. Children of all ages delight in pictures, and as their parents also enjoy them, they are unfortunately taken to picture shows at times when they ought to be safely in the arms of Morpheus. Then, very frequently, the moral atmosphere of the pictures shown is not edifying. Morbid, sensational pictures are sandwiched between enlightening and delightful ones. It is the humorous pictures that are often the most objectionable. It would seem as if some people cannot imagine funny situations without introducing the coarse element. For although, to quote Masefield again, it may be—

> A place for fun,
> Where men may laugh, when work is done.
> If it were only that, 'twould be worth while
> To subsidise a thing, to make men smile.
> —But it is more.

If the gross and morbid pictures were eliminated, then I consider that cinematograph pictures are not only delightful pleasure, but a valuable means of keeping alive the children's thoughts, and of bringing them into touch with the real world of which books are only the shadows. Cinematograph pictures would be invaluable aids to a teacher, and would give the demonstration and association required by Herbart, and the jollity demanded by George Bernard Shaw. Pictures widen the horizon of the child. Just in proportion to the amount of emotion quickened and cultivated, the reason would also quicken and develop and come to the aid of the imagination, and we are constantly told by educators to use every means to cultivate the imagination. For by imagination the child steps across the threshold of his own life, and finds himself at once in the larger life. It was said of Meredith, using Meredith's own words, 'He is always urging to the battlefields of intellect, his warriors of the sighting brain.' Pictures to a large extent would do this for children —the sighting eye being a stepping stone to the sighting and thinking brain.

A few years ago I heard Professor Bickmore, of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, give a very interesting address on the use made by him of visual instruction. By means of living pictures, children were given lessons on geography, history, nature study, and other subjects. The schools were grouped in a Central Hall, and for an hour pictures were shown, with a few—and very few—remarks on each. The Professor said that nothing delighted the city children more than the farmyard scenes. They saw the whole life of the farm from early morn till eve, and those children, he said, would not make the mistake of the London Arab, who thought country milk dirty—because it was 'squeedged from a beastly cow'; nor of the boy who thought an average was something that hens lay eggs on—because he had heard his father say, 'that

hens lay on an average so many eggs a day.'

Geography taught by the aid of moving pictures enables the children to become in imagination real travellers, and for a time they are living in the countries they see so vividly before them. The benefits to be gained by the use of cinematograph pictures in the teaching of history as well as geography are so obvious, that I will only give one or two examples.

If all the children in the schools of a town who were studying, say, the Tudor period in history were taken for one hour to see a series of pictures depicting the various events of that time, they would learn more in that hour of the manners, dress, home-life, and customs of the people than by hours of verbal instruction. Suppose the 'Household of Sir Thomas More,' by Annie Manning, were the subject; would the young people ever forget the real meaning of the Reformation, the splendid character of Sir Thomas More, or the place Erasmus filled in that period, were they shown good pictures with judicious readings from the book itself?

It would heighten the advantages to be gained by the use of cinematograph pictures if the children's minds were prepared beforehand for what they are to see; and further, that some after-result should be required from them, perhaps in the form of an essay or answers to questions. But, if taken solely for pleasure and amusement, then let them know beforehand that no after test will be taken, and their enjoyment will be unalloyed. I know that delightful school walks taken by children have had the joy withdrawn from them, as shown by the question put when they start for their walk, 'Have we to write about it after?' And the relief and delight when the answer is 'No.'

The æsthetic sense of the child might easily be trained by the use of cinematograph pictures, and such training is absolutely necessary for those living in towns. By its means children can be taught how to appreciate lovely sunsets and sunrises, cloud effects, and even the wonderful grey colouring of our towns with their soft hues and mists. The eye only sees what it is trained to see, as has been well said and often quoted, and children would soon appreciate the beautiful, if they were taught to see it.

Then imagine a series of Watts' glorious pictures being shown, and their wonderful beauties pointed out. If only one were taken each week, and thoroughly assimilated, and, if possible, some poet's lines printed underneath to stamp the impression, e.g., Harrold Johnson's lines on 'Hope.'[1]

> Hope with her lyre
> Yearning and listening;
> Toucheth the string,
> The string that remaineth
> Heareth the music.

What a storehouse of lovely forms and equally lovely thoughts after a few exhibitions they would have!

I do not know whether the vision of the children would be at all affected by looking at moving pictures, say, for one hour a week, nor whether there would be undue strain or excitement. These matters I leave to the doctors to consider. But I might suggest that at intervals of twenty minutes a national or art song might be put on the screen and all join in the singing of it. Then, if a few words of instruction or description of each picture were given, there would not be a too rapid exhibition, so that I cannot think any ill effects would follow. The humorous and amusing pictures need not be excluded, indeed, should form part of the course; but care should be taken that they are good and not vulgar humour.

One morning, not long ago, my sister went to see a friend who lived a mile or so from the rectory, taking with her our little brown cocker-spaniel. When she left, she quite forgot the dog, and as soon as our friends discovered him, they did all they could to make him leave, but with no avail. Some hours passed, and he was still there. So they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts. 'Bring him to the telephone,' said my sister. One of the boys held him, while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear. Then my sister whistled, and called, 'Come home at once, Paddy.' Immediately he wriggled out of the boy's arms, rushed at the door, barking to get out, and shortly afterwards arrived, panting, at the rectory.—A *Spectator* story.

[1] In his book 'The House of Life,' Mr. Johnson has written on Watts' symbolical picture, and received the commendation and approval of the artist himself.

THE EVOLUTION THEORY

H. WATERWORTH

'NATURE, which governs the whole, will soon change all things which thou seest, and out of their substance will make other things, and again other things from the substance of them, in order that the world may be ever new.'—*Marcus Aurelius.*

There are few persons at the present day who have not either heard of, or read about, the Theory of Evolution, but a great many would have some difficulty in clearly defining what exactly is meant by the phrase. To some, it is the theory put forth by Charles Darwin in his book, 'The Origin of Species,' to account for the different forms of animal and plant life which exist at present, or have existed in the past upon the earth. This and nothing more.

The date, 1859, when this startling book was published, marks for many the time when first the idea was brought before the world that the present flora and fauna have come to be what we know by a gradual, slow process of evolution from much simpler forms. This, however, is far from the actual fact; for the idea that life on the earth, as we see it, has not come into being at one step, had occupied the minds of many thinkers for long ages. Various theories have been put forth from time to time to account for the great variety of living types which at present exist. Some of these theories may appear to us grotesque and absurd, but they are of great interest as showing the trend of thought of the greatest minds on this subject.

The speculations of the ancient philosophers made possible the Theory of Evolution as we know it. They cleared the track somewhat, and pointed the way along which later travellers might walk.

Thales of Miletus, who lived about 600 B.C., was one of the earliest scientific speculators on this subject. He started from the position, that 'nothing comes into being out of nothing.' Everywhere there was change, one thing becoming something else; 'all in motion like a stream.' There must be something which is the vehicle of all these changes and of the motions which produce them. He came to the conclusion that water was the primary substance; perhaps because it is so readily changed into the solid and gaseous form.

Anaximander did not agree with his master because he thought the cause too concrete. He argued that 'the material cause and first element of things was the Infinite.' This cause was not any of the natural elements, but 'one eternal, indestructible substance out of which everything arises, and into which everything once more returns.' Anaximander was the first to assert the origin of life from non-living matter. He also spoke of man as 'like another animal, namely, a fish in the beginning'; a theory coming somewhat into line with present day conceptions.

Heraclitus found the primary substance in fire, because, while appearing to remain the same, it is ever changing. It is always passing away as smoke, and its place is always being taken by fresh matter from the fuel. So is it with the nature of man and animals; it is not quite the same for many moments.

Empedocles, who lived in the fifth century B.C., went a step further, and postulated the roots of all things as Fire, Air, Earth, and Water. They are 'fools, lacking far-reaching thoughts, who deem that what before was not, comes into being, or that aught can perish and be utterly destroyed. Therefore the roots, or elements, are eternal and indestructible. Two material forces, Love and Strife, act upon them, and produce various forms of living things.'

Aristotle (384–322 B.C.) was perhaps the first to use a genuine scientific method. He insisted on observation, not mere speculation. In his 'History of Animals' he says: 'We must not accept a general principle from logic only, but must prove its application to each fact. For it is in facts that we must seek general principles, and these must always accord with facts. Experience furnishes the particular facts from which induction is the pathway to general laws.' As regards the origin of the various life-forms he approached nearer to modern ideas than any of the ancient thinkers. He held 'that germs should have been first produced, and not immediately animals; and that soft mass which first susbisted was the germ. In plants, also, there is purpose, but it is less

distinct ; and this shows that plants were produced in the same manner as animals, not by chance, as by the union of olives with grape vines. Similarly, it may be argued, that there should be an accidental generation of the germs of things, but he who asserts this subverts nature herself, for nature produces those things which, being continually moved by a certain principle contained in themselves, arrive at a certain end.' He also taught that the development of the organism into the adult form among the higher individuals was due to a division or segmentation of a fertilised ovum, or egg-cell. Like others of his time and before him, Aristotle believed in spontaneous generation, although only in certain cases, as of eels from the mud of ponds, and insects from putrid matter.

Coming much nearer our own time we find Buffon (1707–1788) cautiously advancing the theory that species were not permanently stable. As evidence of this fact he noted the presence of aborted, or rudimentary structures. ' The pig does not appear to have been formed upon an original, special, and perfect plan, since it is a compound of other animals ; it has evidently useless parts, or rather, parts of which it cannot make any use, toes, all the bones of which are perfectly formed, and which, nevertheless, are of no service to it. Nature is far from subjecting herself to final causes in the formation of her creatures.' He further says : ' Many species being perfected or degenerated by the great changes in land and sea, by the favours or disfavours of nature, by food, by the prolonged influences of climate, contrary or favourable, are no longer what they formerly were.' He even hinted at a common ancestor of horse and ass, and of ape and man, but with an eye ever directed toward ecclesiastical forces.

Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles Darwin, got nearer to the heart of the matter, being influenced without doubt by the writings of Buffon. He rejected the commonly held belief of his time in the separate creation of species, holding that it failed to explain abnormal forms, adaptations of structures to their work, and gradations between living things. He says : ' When we think of changes animals undergo, as from the tadpole to the frog ; the changes produced by artificial cultivation, as in horses, dogs, and sheep ; the changes produced by climate and seasons ; the changes produced by the crossing of species ; when we observe the essential unity of plan in all warm-blooded animals, we are led to conclude that they have been alike produced from a similar living filament.' He further held that many features in the anatomy of man point to a quadrupedal origin.

Goethe wrote, ' The inward perfections and purpose of the animal body are built up stage by stage, and the changes depend on its connection with the external world.'

Darwin in the ' Historical Sketch on the Progress of Opinion on the Origin of Species,' refers to Lamarck (born 1744) as ' the first man whose conclusions on the subject excited much attention.' Lamarck taught that ' in the beginnings of life only the very simplest and lowest animals and plants came into existence ; those of more complex structure developing from these ; man himself being descended from an ape-like mammal.'

From this short sketch it is clear that the idea that the various species of animals and plants at present found upon the earth have been developed from lower and simpler forms, did not originate with Charles Darwin, but had occupied men's minds for long ages. The various theories put forward before Darwin's time, and since, have all had for their aim to get at the manner in which these changes have been produced. All are agreed on the broad principles, but differ, perhaps, in some minor points as to the agencies at work. If we ask the earth to tell its story, we arrive at the same conclusion ; a gradual development from simple to more complex forms. Although the geological record of life on the earth, as set forth by fossil remains, is very imperfect, still what there is of it shows that there has been a gradual development. The remains in the oldest rocks are very simple. As we ascend, new and more complex forms appear, and older forms, having served their day, drop out. It is only in the most recent rocks that we find types resembling the present existing flora and fauna. Links between one type and a higher, or lower, are often missing. But when we consider what is meant by the fossilisation of a plant, or animal, and how few can ever fulfil the conditions ; also how little of the earth's surface has been explored, we can

easily see that it is just what might be expected.

How have these changes in animal and plant forms been brought about ?

Charles Darwin tried to answer this question in his work, ' The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection ; or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life.'

It is a truism that no two blades of grass are alike. Nature is infinitely variable. Often these slight variations may be to the advantage, in some way, of the animal or plant possessing them. Then Nature may select this variation and pass it on to future generations. Animals and plants multiply abundantly, while the food supply is often limited. The consequence is a struggle for existence, and any slight variation which will help in this struggle will give its possessor a better chance of surviving, and handing on the improvement to the offspring, perhaps intensified. That there is this struggle, no one who has ever glanced at natural history can doubt. ' Nature is red in tooth and claw,' and the weakest has to go to the wall. But Nature seems always to strive to ensure the continuance of the species. Hence the lavish production of life, even, one may say, wasteful production.

A few examples will show this more clearly. A year or two ago I went with a friend to visit a pond much frequented by the Common Toad. He took one home with him, a female. On the morning afterwards he found it had laid a string of eggs nine feet long. He took the trouble to count the eggs, and found the number to be twelve hundred and eighty. There were a great many toads in the same pond. If they all laid the same number, and every one developed into a toad, what must have been the state of that pond, eventually ?

A single flesh-fly will produce towards twenty thousand larvæ, and these grow so quickly that they reach their full size in five or six days. Linnæus asserted that a dead horse would be devoured by three of these flies as quickly as by a lion. The larvæ, after five or six more days, become flies capable of producing their kind. So that in a single summer the progeny of the single pair, if all lived, would amount to one hundred millions of millions.

The gall-bladder of a sheep infested with two hundred liver-flukes, was found to contain seven million four hundred thousand eggs. This rapid increase in numbers is not confined to the lowest types of life. From Australia as many as seven millions of rabbit skins have been exported in a single year. The larger animals, which breed comparatively slowly, increase enormously when conditions are favourable. Columbus, in his second voyage, left a few black cattle at St. Domingo. Twenty-seven years after herds of from four thousand to eight thousand were not uncommon.

The same, or even greater, prolific increase goes on in the plant world. Think of the number of seeds in a single pod of the *fox-glove* ; then count the number of pods, and you may have some idea of the number of plants capable of being produced from a single parent. Within a comparatively recent time the Canadian Pond-weed (*Illodia Canadensis*) has obtained a footing in many of our ponds and streams ; and so rapidly has it spread, that in many cases it has completely choked the waterways. The most noxious weed in New Zealand is the Cat's-ear Hawk-bit, introduced with grass seeds from England. It is stated that excellent pastures were destroyed in three years by this weed, which displaced every other plant on the ground. The Thistle has multiplied abundantly in some of our Colonies, and Chickweed in others. Under these conditions there is a constant and keen struggle for the limited supply of foodstuff, and only the fittest can hope to survive the battle.

I am afraid that there is often a misunderstanding as to what is meant by ' The Fittest.' We are apt to confuse the term with ' best,' as we understand the word. The fittest are those best adapted for their environment. For example ; I know a garden which is thoroughly overrun by Groundsel to the exclusion of practically every other plant. Now Groundsel is not as useful a plant from the gardener's point of view as many of the plants that occupied the soil before it was neglected. But it has proved itself better fitted for the ground, and situation, than the other plants, and has therefore displaced the less fitted, but according to our idea, more useful vegetation. Any slight variation that gives an animal or plant

some advantage over its fellows will enable it to survive in the struggle, and as a result it will be the more likely to have offspring and pass on this variation.

Natural Selection is the process, and Survival of the Fittest is the result.

By adding slight variations to others in the same direction, Darwin taught that new species may at last be produced. How these variations were produced he did not attempt to explain. Natural Selection may explain the 'Survival of the Fittest,' but it does not explain the 'Arrival of the Fittest.' Many scientists now prefer to call the process 'The Elimination of the Unfit,' seeing that it is due to their being destroyed that the others manage to exist.

Darwin, Wallace, and most of the older Evolutionists taught that it was by the addition of slight variations following one another that species were produced. Later investigators have advanced the theory that rather big jumps may be made. These they call Mutations. De Vries, Bateson, Thompson, and others, working on the Principles of Mendel, have produced great changes in a few generations. But their results are due to Artificial selection. That, however, is another story, which is much too long to enter into now.

As to why variations occur Darwin said little, but his later disciples have advanced various theories such as Weissman's Germplasm theory, the Mendelian theory of the Segregation of Gametes, and lastly Bergson's 'Creative Impetus in Life, which passes from generation to generation of germs, is sustained right along the lines of evolution among which it gets divided, and is the fundamental cause of variations, or at least of those variations that count.'

Whatever may be the theories put forward to account for the facts as we know them, it is only the Theory of Evolution which can explain why present forms of animal and plant life show evidences of older and simpler types.

'Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doeth right deed
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
—*Light of Asia.*

Man's chiefest treasure is a sparing tongue.—*Hesiod.*

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING

A. STEPHEN NOEL

I.

THE problem of the Sunday school is the problem of ways, means, and methods whereby communications upon high and ideal subjects may pass between non-professional teachers and children. It has been said that the child is as clay in the teacher's hand, to be moulded to the heart's desire of the teacher. But this is true neither in theory nor practice, if we are to understand by it, that a teacher's aim is to mould, as he would desire to see it, the life of the young. Like mythology, such a saying has a germ of historic truth, viz., the eternal fact that a child is to a large extent what he is made by parent, teacher, and companion. But the true function of education is to draw out characteristic personality from the subject of education, not to drive in previously conceived ideas. Progress depends for its existence upon the one supreme, all-controlling fact, that knowledge gained by the young can be applied to purposes unknown to the old. Therefore to mould a child to any one model is not to educate, but an attempt to reproduce a fast-passing generation. Education depends upon freedom, the right of the individual to work out his own salvation *under superior guidance.* Provided that guidance be wide, sympathetic, generous, broad-minded, it matters little ultimately, where the subject finds its expression in life; the result of good training will be the making of the man. It is not the place of the teacher to make either sectarian or partisan individuals; it is but his to lay the bases of clear thinking and right living, to place before the child, the ways of men, the thoughts of leaders of the world, personal ideas, and then, having built firmly, to trust confidently the innate goodness of man and rest assured that honest, clear, brave thought, resulting in grand and noble action, will be the reward of his labours.

A child is not clay, but personality. Every teacher must realise, that to accomplish his end, he must understand

this personality. He has to acknowledge that children are entities, apart from his (the teacher's) individuality—not simply young adults, but, to speak scientifically, a separate species, to be studied and understood.

Here is the crux of the problem, so far as the non-professional teacher is concerned. How is he to come into immediate and sympathetic touch with the scholar? How is he to deal with problems of discipline and attention, class-management and individuality? How is he to impart his lesson, by what method shall he do so, and what shall be the nature of that lesson? These things it will be the purpose of these articles to discuss, not in the hope of solving them but of suggesting lines of thought.

Firstly, the work of the school depends upon environment. Before the problem resolves itself into a simple one between teacher and child, internal factors must be adjusted. Slight, almost insignificant matters must claim attention, for the effect upon the discipline and attention of the scholars may be great. It is a fact not to be disputed, that the arrangement, lighting, heating, and general external factors in the school building, are of the utmost importance and should not, under any circumstances, be left to chance or be inadequately dealt with. Therefore it may be well in this first article to confine ourselves to some of these 'external' matters, and firstly to—

Hygiene.—Factors which during long periods affect the health of children, are injurious even during an hour. In order to be efficient in these matters, there is little doubt that the correct attitude is to bring the hygienic conditions of the Sunday school into line with those of the day school. Continuity of policy should be the keynote of correct discipline: it is the only method by which the health and happiness of the scholars can be maintained. There are occasions when continuity is unnecessary, where the Sunday school has a function, apart from and complementary to the functions of the day school; but in matters of health and hygiene, a cleavage between the two is detrimental. Do not let Sunday school teachers imagine that this is a matter of no importance; not only does lack of hygienic method retard the scholar, but it reacts adversely upon discipline; the child, having to fit himself to fresh conditions, is restless, and if those conditions be bad, becomes fidgetty and uneasy as a revolt against false environment.

Ventilation.—The primary cause of unnatural uneasiness is a close and stuffy atmosphere. There seems often to be dread of fresh air not only among scholars but among teachers also. Windows and doors should be opened wide for about a quarter of an hour before the assembling of school. As far as the building allows, a window or door should be open all school time, to ensure a healthy atmosphere. Such a proceeding, however, in many a building, creates draught which is as dangerous to children habitually confined in close atmospheres, as that atmosphere itself. The Sunday school should remember that a child in motion is far less affected by draught than a child sitting or standing still. Further, a change of atmosphere is effected by actions of the hands and feet and by vigorous singing. Hence the need, especially in ill-ventilated centres, of action songs, marches, and strong singing. The exercises on these lines may be easily arranged—simple flag or fan drill or motion of the hands in response to the rhythm of the music and the tread of the feet. This exercise also has a bearing on 'Concentration periods,' which will be considered later.

Heating.—This matter is often beyond the school's control. The officers have to take what the gods provide and be thankful. Yet the degree, if not the kind of heat, can be controlled. Temperature in a room should never rise above sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit, nor fall below sixty degrees. Temperature should be even throughout a given period. In cold weather coats and hats should be removed, to allow of the children returning to the outer air without disadvantage. An open fire is probably the most healthy form of heating, but, especially in infant schools, fire-guards must be provided. Hot air heating, though efficient, is not healthy in every case, and never should such heating be produced by downward draught. Hot water heating is more healthful and often more easily adopted. Gas fires should be strictly avoided, especially in small rooms, but where their use is imperative, every precaution should be taken to draw off

the fumes, and to ensure the proper regulation of flame to prevent waste gas escaping into the room. For small children nothing is more injurious than an ill-regulated gas fire.

Lighting.—Light has a direct effect upon eyesight, and as children's eyes are not fully developed and strengthened, in this matter, perhaps more than in any other, continuity of day school methods is desirable. Writing is not so much a part of Sunday school curriculum as it is in the day school, and the work of the Sunday school often depends far more upon the ear than on the eye. This removes a certain responsibility from the Sunday school teacher in the matter of lighting, yet there is no reason why a Sunday school should not attempt to adopt those methods which are compulsory in the day schools. Light should fall over the left shoulder of the scholar; window space should be liberal and the surroundings restful. The walls of the rooms should be light in colour, —light green or grey, restful to the eyes. Glazed surfaces should be avoided, as the effect of light on such is dazzling and therefore weakening to the eyes. The blackboard should be so fixed that it may be read from all parts without shine or reflection. Books used when light is strong should have no glazed surfaces, and should be placed at an angle of about forty-five degrees for reading; for writing purposes a slope of fifteen degrees upon the desk or paper rest is sufficient. Red colours are often used to give a sense of warmth, but no colour is more tiring to the eyes. Artificial light is seldom needed in Sunday schools, but if used, shades should be provided to prevent any direct glare. At such functions as children's parties restlessness and fatigue are often the product; not so much of weariness at the proceedings as the over-brilliance of electric light which tires the eyes, and affects the nerves, brain, and head.

Position of Classes.—Arising out of questions concerning ventilation, heating, and lighting, is the further problem of class arrangement. In a large room where many classes are assembled this problem is most urgent. It solves itself, where separate class-rooms are provided. In the latter case it will be sufficient to emphasise the above remarks on light and heat; but in the former, certain complementary notes are necessary. Firstly, as far as is practicable, classes should be placed round the walls of the room, the teacher sitting with his back to the wall, the children therefore facing the wall. This course has drawbacks in that it may nullify the left-side theory of light, but since writing is but little used, and reading by scholars on any large scale is to be discouraged, shadow-throwing plays little part. This drawback, if it be a drawback, is counterbalanced by the fact that the eyes rest upon the quiet tone of the walls, while if the children are placed with their backs to the wall, the eyes wander over every other class in the room, and attention wanders accordingly. Such an arrangement of classes, however, interferes at times with marching and action, for the purposes of which the best position of classes is the centre of the room, the outer circle of space being left for motion. Even here the principle of the children facing the walls need not be abandoned. However, this matter is so purely local that its solution cannot be finally stated.

Disease and Physical Weakness.—The Sunday school teacher cannot accept the responsibility, which rests primarily on the parent and secondarily on the State through its teachers and medical inspectors, in respect to infantile disease. Nevertheless, a Sunday school has at least four functions to perform in this connection: (1) to supplement, support, and assist the work of the State, by reporting disease, and by avoiding infection; (2) to bring to the sick and suffering that gift of Christian charity and personal sympathy, which is beyond mechanical procedure, and which is the Sunday school teacher's prerogative *par excellence*; (3) to adapt and modify methods and teaching to the physical and mental conditions of scholars; (4) to organise, by means of clubs, libraries, and personal advice, the leisure hours of the young, so that health may be promoted by healthy recreation, physical and mental. In order that these functions may be exercised a teacher needs readily to discriminate between child and child, to recognise unnatural conditions, and to differentiate between permanent and transitory disease. In the case of children permanently diseased the first duty is to prevent infection; the second, to come into the narrowed life of the child, and

live with it in sympathy and love; the third, to impart only such teaching as can be understood—this function is naturally limited in its exercise by the factor of class aggregation, a point to be considered later. The fourth duty is to bring to the child the best things for his welfare. It is well that a teacher should have some understanding of the position of the child in the eyes of the State, e.g., the law of protection from fire under the Children's Act, 1908; the law concerning licensed premises; the law concerning smoking and gambling; the regulation of meals in the day school; the regulations of medical inspection. It may be said that these matters are beyond the scope of the Sunday school; against which, let it be urged that the child is not beyond the scope of the Sunday school, and these matters are vital to the child. The Sunday school must, however, never forget that its function is supplementary to larger methods; let it therefore be vigilant, careful, above all blessed with the twin graces of charity and sympathy. It is useless bestowing goods upon the poor unless charity be there. Toward the sick, the crippled, the ill-fed, the suffering, the Sunday school must be very kind and gentle and loving, but let not all its energy evaporate in emotion. There are times for severely practical action.

A teacher should watch for physical defect, and follow up the case and find its cause. He should know the child, its home and its needs, and be assured that all is being done that can be done. Probably the teacher is more concerned with temporary than with permanent ill-health. The child, so well this week, comes next week, white and pinched, disinclined to listen, or the child usually so white of countenance, yet vigorous and healthy as a rule, is flushed and red, not with the blush of health, but of disease, denoted by the lips and gums which are pale. The restless child is the healthy child, and when he is still and his motor activity will not be used in any direction, something is wrong. These passing maladies, though probably of no great importance, may develop into disease. A teacher must avoid forcing such children through uncongenial tasks or into unnatural postures. Let Nature have her way, let the child rest and be still. It matters little whether the child knows any more Biblical history when he goes than when he came, provided the law of *laissez faire* has had its effect. There are cases of defective eyesight, of infection, of deafness, of consumption, of malnutrition, and of home neglect, which should be reported to the local authority. The matter of physical weakness which most demands the teacher's attention is that of mental and muscular fatigue. Here the problem is real. It affects the teacher's control, discipline, and teaching. As a mere human machine, the child is incapable of over-production. Concentration can only be maintained for a certain period; after that period fatigue will set in, inattention ensue, and further work produce no good results and even retard progress. Marching or action song in conjunction with lesson periods is a sure means of reviving interest. The following, according to Chadwick, are some of the time limits of concentration on one subject:—

6 years	15 minutes.
7 to 10 years	20 ,,
10 to 12 ,,	25 ,,
12 to 16 ,,	30 ,,

Fatigue, however, will probably ensue at an earlier period in many cases, owing to the fact that the conditions of ventilation will probably not be ideal. A teacher must scrupulously avoid giving the more difficult questions or work to the most listless child. Rather must these be given to the strong and restless, and a slow process of simple questions, or even a policy of non-interference, must be directed towards the fatigued child.

Signs of Fatigue and Tests for the same.—Fatigue expresses itself in restlessness, and uneasiness,—that restlessness and fidgetty attitude which is not pure wool-gathering and untrained attention; in sunken eyes, tired, listless manner, forgetfulness, loose posture. Children should never be asked to stand or sit at attention for too long; but faulty posture in standing or sitting is bad. A quick test for fatigue is to call for attention, and if the class is disciplined, and the teacher keen, faulty posture will give the indication either of wilful inattention or fatigue—the difference is patent. The posture of standing at ease is with one foot slightly in front, *not* the feet apart; for sitting, upright with a backed desk with the back brought well forward, if moveable, over the seat. Another test

is, while the children are standing, to ask them each to take a sheet of paper and then hold out their hands straight before them with the paper. The teacher may watch for such as drop their arms below the horizontal attitude. This indicates muscular fatigue. Mental fatigue is observable without undue test by noting such as fail to repeat a well-known verse or appear confused or uncertain when usually alert. The Sunday school teacher can do little more than cease from troubling the tired brain; the time of the school is short, and therefore elaborate recuperative methods are futile; all should be done possible by ventilation, slackening of lesson-pace, rest and variety; cheery, kind greeting given as the child passes out, and a final message to 'run away and play.' Summer holidays, of course, are times of rest for the weary, and in these days of Fresh Air Funds, cannot every school see that every scholar goes away for at least a week and runs wild? and *that he does not lose his mark?* Physical exercise, drill, movement and action songs, marching, may be introduced inside or outside the school as circumstances demand. Libraries are invaluable for providing recreation after work and study. Space does not permit of the following point receiving any attention here, but it is well to insist on it. As important as the hours of study, are the hours of leisure. Good done in an hour of school is undone in half an hour of leisure. Therefore it behoves teachers to study the leisure of their scholars. Think of a nation's leisure time, how momentous is its import, how immeasurable its effect, that time which is the child's own, not his teacher's, often not his parents'. No forced study can be resorted to, no lessons, no teaching proper, but play and service well organised are invaluable. In elder classes, athletics are indispensable as physical, mental, and general regeneration, and good clothing and frequent baths should be matter for suggestion to all classes.

The way is now clear of external factors, and in a following article we may turn to the grading of the school, the position, worth, and character of the teacher, the child, with its whims and fancies, but developing, growing from babyhood to infancy, from infancy to childhood, to an Age of Stability, to Adolescence and Manhood. These things may seem more vital than the 'Externals,' yet a large and heavy responsibility rests on the Sunday school teacher; he holds for good or for evil the destinies of the future—must he not know all and attend to all? The 'external' details need attention, on them hang discipline, attention, health, happiness. It is a revelation to many a teacher, to realise how different is the attention, the discipline, the general work of the class, when the room is well heated, well ventilated, and the class in good health and trim. Many a troublesome, restless class of boys becomes interested in his teacher's words—after a window has been opened. Many a good, attractive, even fascinating teacher is at his wit's end to hold his scholars. An outsider stepping in, at once 'feels' the atmosphere—close, stuffy, perhaps even gaseous. Remedy the 'external,' and the internal tends to settle itself. Psychology is dependent on environment, and physical rest upon good surroundings. Environment and surroundings do not account for all; heredity, science of growth, personality, and many other factors play a part. These are yet to be dealt with, but in the meantime, let us not forget the others.

Bibliography.

'Health at School considered in its Mental, Moral, and Physical Aspects,' by Clement Dukes (Rivingtons, 10/6).

'School Hygiene,' a Monthly Journal (6d.), 29, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

DICKENS AND HIS MESSAGE

R. K. DAVIS, B.A.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton closes his splendid biography of Charles Dickens with the following words: 'I venture to offer the proposition that when more years have passed and more weeding has been effected, Dickens will dominate the whole England of the nineteenth century; he will be on the platform alone.'

This sounds high praise—too high, perhaps, some will think. I quote it, however, merely to indicate the impression Dickens has made on one of the most noted of the journalists and critics of the present day. His popularity, however, is shewn by many other facts. Already sixteen biographies of him have appeared; his

books have had an enormous sale; and his characters have become known in most English homes. Who has not heard of Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, Mrs. Gamp, Uriah Heep, Bumble, Pecksniff, Squeers, Silas Wegg, Bob Sawyer, Bill Sykes, and many others one could mention?

Mr. Birrell relates that he was once present when Dickens was giving prizes to some school-girls at Birmingham, and a girl came up whose name was Weller. There was loud laughter from the audience. 'You see, my dear,' said Boz, 'you will have to change your name at once.'

There is no need, however, to prove his popularity. Dickens has become a household word among English speaking people, and his influence is enormous. Let us glance briefly at his life and then consider his message as far as we can gather it from his works.

Charles Dickens was born in the year 1812. His father was a clerk in the Navy-pay office, at Portsmouth,—poor and always in debt. He is, as most know, 'Micawber' in 'David Copperfield'—the good-natured, generous, reckless Wilkins Micawber. We understand all about him when we hear Mrs. Micawber saying, 'Talent Mr. Micawber has. Capital Mr. Micawber has not.'

The boyhood of Charles Dickens, then, was not spent in a luxurious and comfortable home. On the contrary, his parents were often in straitened circumstances, and their home in imminent risk of being sold up. Not that there was extreme poverty in the home during Charles' earliest years. Indeed, the boy must have regarded himself as belonging to the comfortable middle-class. At any rate, we hear of him being sent, at first, to a preparatory school and then to an ordinary private school.

When about nine years old, however, he began to hear of his father's entanglements. At this period the family were forced to move, and the new home was a small mean tenement in about the poorest part of one of the London suburbs (Baynham Street, Camden Town). Here he received his first impressions of struggling poverty,—impressions which were to be of much value to him, as a writer, later on. The final blow came soon afterwards, when his father became bankrupt and was imprisoned in the Marshalsea.

His mother then vainly endeavoured to run a girls' school, to which nobody would come, and Charles, aged ten, was sent to work in a blacking factory. For two whole years Charles Dickens worked at Warren's blacking factory, situated at 30, Hungerford-stairs, Strand. This was a hard and bitter experience for a delicate and sensitive boy such as we are told Dickens was. How he suffered during these years we learn from 'David Copperfield' and from the confessions he made in later years to his friend Forster. We should now probably say that it was a good thing that he should have undergone this awful drudgery in the blacking factory, and that without it he would have missed a valuable experience and a deep insight into the life of the poor and downtrodden that could not be gained in any other way.

At any rate, at this period the fortunes of Charles Dickens were not very bright or promising. His father was in prison, and he himself was sticking labels on blacking bottles. At the end of two years, however, a change took place. His father, liberated from the Marshalsea, quarrelled with the head of the factory and, against his mother's wishes, refused to send Charles back again and insisted on his being sent to school instead. This is quite like the reckless Micawber, but there is no doubt that in a certain respect Dickens benefited from this recklessness. We must notice, however, what a slipshod sort of education Dickens had as a boy—not the best of training one would have thought for a future writer of English prose.

In a short time he again left school—this time for good—and we next hear of him as a clerk in a lawyer's office. Here he met Swiveller and Chuckster and Wobbler, or, we can at any rate say, people who suggested these characters. While here Dickens conceived the desire of becoming a reporter in the House of Commons. With this view he worked with might and main at shorthand. When aged seventeen he became a reporter in Doctors' Commons, and in a year's time his ambition was realised and he became a gallery reporter representing first 'The True Sun,' then 'The Mirror of Parliament,' lastly 'The Morning Chronicle.' We are told that there never was such a reporter as Dickens, and that he reported the speeches much better than they deserved.

The impression that parliamentary procedure and its red tape made upon Dickens, we learn from 'Little Dorrit' in the laughable description of the 'Circumlocution Office.' I quote a few lines:—

'Sometimes, angry spirits attacked the Circumlocution Office. Sometimes, parliamentary questions were asked about it, and even parliamentary motions made or threatened about it, by demagogues so low and ignorant as to hold that the real recipe of government was, How to do it. Then would the noble lord, or right honourable gentleman, in whose department it was to defend the Circumlocution Office, put an orange in his pocket, and make a regular field-day of the occasion. Then would he come down to that house with a slap upon the table, and meet the honourable gentleman foot to foot. Then would he be there to tell that honourable gentleman that the Circumlocution Office not only was blameless in this matter, but was commendable in this matter, was extollable to the skies in this matter. Then would he be there to tell that honourable gentleman, that, although the Circumlocution Office was invariably right, and wholly right, it was never so right as in this matter.'

It was at this period in his life that he first began to write, and his earliest efforts appeared as 'Sketches by Boz.' About them we can merely state that they form the beginning of a study of lower middle-class life with all its humour and pathos, and that they excited interest almost at once.

Soon afterwards there appeared in 'The Times' a notice to the effect that in March, 1836, there would appear the first number of a work called 'The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.' We have now reached the beginning of his career. The success of the 'Pickwick Papers' was instantaneous. People of all classes read them, and their popularity increased as the parts came out.

Forster tells us that people at this time talked of nothing else, that tradesmen recommended their goods by using the name of Pickwick, and that judges on the bench and boys in the street quoted sayings from them. Carlyle wrote to Forster as follows: 'An archdeacon with his own venerable lips repeated to me the other night, a strange profane story of a solemn clergyman who had been administering ghostly consolation to a sick person, and having finished satisfactorily as he thought and got out of the room, he heard the sick person ejaculate, "Well, thank God, Pickwick will be out in ten days, anyway!" This is dreadful.' It would not be fair to state that this popularity was due merely to the fun and amusement that Pickwick caused; though good healthy laughter is surely good in itself. There are other reasons that have made Pickwick immortal. In particular one must notice that in spite of exaggeration we recognise real people behind the Wellers and Winkles, the Tupmans and Bardells, the Dodsons and Foggs. Pickwick is indeed a gallery of brilliant burlesque portraits. Note how each character has his own monomania. Mr. Alfred Jingle is known by his telegraphic mode of lying, Sam Weller by his gnomic manner of speech, and so on.

Again in 'Pickwick Papers' we have in the description of 'the Fleet' prison the commencement of the attacks Dickens made on certain social evils. We may laugh heartily at the people Mr. Pickwick meets with in prison, yet by the very interest we are made to feel in these miserable debtors we become convinced of a great wrong and are stirred to abolish an institution of the kind. We shall see how, later, Dickens carried on the work, and how very effective was his method.

Pickwick is followed by Oliver Twist—a realistic study of thieves and rascals,—together with one of the most slashing attacks on the workhouse system that has ever been made. When the reports of the Poor Law Commission came out, we read on the newspaper placards that Mr. Bumble was to die. Let us remember that Charles Dickens started the 'funeral arrangements.'

Nicholas Nickleby came next, with its fierce and effective exposure of the notorious Yorkshire schools. William Squeers is dead for ever—at least, let us hope so.

In the next year we have 'The Old Curiosity Shop' with all its humour, its horrors, and its pathos. In Dick Swiveller we have one of Dickens's most delightful characters. I feel compelled to quote one passage. Mr. Swiveller is expostulating with the single gentleman for remaining in bed all day long.

'We cannot have a single gentleman coming into the place and sleeping like double gentlemen without paying extra. . . . An equal amount of slumber was never got out of one bed, and if you want to sleep like that, you must pay for a double-bedded room.' In Mr. Quilp we have a taste of that mysterious horror to which Dickens was rather prone. Those, however, who like melodrama and thrills, will enjoy reading about this awful character. In Little Nell the pathetic side is struck rather strongly. Dickens has been severely taken in hand for his over-treatment of the Little Nell episode. Her death is particularly singled out as maudlin sentimentalism. To me personally it does not seem that the Little Nell story is over-drawn or mere sentimentalism. One knows and feels that in the world there are children of the Little Nell stamp—children who are wise beyond their age and whom we call 'old-fashioned' and 'little mothers.'

Dickens must have met children like this in actual life and have been curiously interested in them. At any rate in a later novel another appears in the character of Florence Dombey. In Paul Dombey, also, we meet with a boy who had these characteristics. Here is an example of the way in which Paul used to worry his father.

'Papa, what is money?'

'What is money, Paul? Money?'—Mr. Dombey was in a difficulty. He would have liked to give him some explanation, involving the terms circulating, paper, bullion, rates of exchange, value of precious metals in the market, and so forth; but looking down at the little chair, and seeing what a long way down it was, he answered: Gold and silver and copper, guineas, shillings, half-pence—you know what they are?'

'Oh! yes, I know what they are,' said Paul. 'I don't mean that, papa; what's money, after all?'

'What's money, after all!' said Mr. Dombey, backing his chair a little, that he might the better gaze in sheer amazement at the presumptuous atom that propounded such an enquiry.

'I mean, papa, what can it do?' returned Paul.

'You'll know better by and by, my man. Money, Paul, can do anything.'

'Anything? papa!'

'Yes, anything—almost,' said Mr. Dombey.

'Anything means everything, doesn't it, papa?'

'It includes it, yes,' said Mr. Dombey.

'Why didn't money save me my mamma?' returned the child. 'It isn't cruel, is it?'

'Cruel? No, a good thing can't be cruel.'

'If it's a good thing and can do anything,' said the little fellow, thoughtfully, 'I wonder why it didn't save me my mamma.'

Mr. Dombey having recovered from his surprise, expounded to him how money, though a very potent spirit, never to be disparaged on any account whatever, could not keep people alive whose time was come to die, and how that we must all die, unfortunately, even in the city, though we were ever so rich.

To return to the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' we find Dickens coming out as a staunch defender of the poor. I quote one example from many.

'You're the wax-work child, are you not?' said Miss Monflathers.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Nell.

'And don't you think you must be a very wicked little child,' said Miss Monflathers, 'to be a wax-work child at all? Don't you know it's very naughty and unfeminine, and a perversion of the properties wisely and benignantly transmitted to us with expansive powers to be roused from their dormant state through the medium of cultivation. . . . Don't you feel how naughty it is of you to be a wax-work child when you might have the proud consciousness of assisting to the extent of your infant powers the manufactures of your country; of improving your mind by the constant contemplation of the steam-engine; and of earning a comfortable and independent subsistence of from 2s. 9d. to 3s. per week? Don't you know that the harder you work the happier you are?'

'How doth the little . . . .' murmured one of the teachers.

'The little busy bee,' said Miss Monflathers, drawing herself up, 'is applicable only to genteel children. *In books, or work, or healthful play* is quite right as far as *they* are concerned; and the work

means painting on velvet, fancy needlework, or embroidery. In such cases as these,' pointing to Nell with her parasol, 'and in the case of all poor children, we should read it thus:

'In work, work, work. In work alway
Let my first years be passed;
That I may give for ev'ry day,
Some good account at last.'

This is bitter satire, but characteristic of Dickens. Whenever poverty is on trial we invariably find, as some one has said, Dickens for the Defence.

Following 'The Old Curiosity Shop' we have 'Barnaby Rudge,' with its account of the 'No Popery' riots of 1780.

Then came the triumphant visit to America, ending in wrath and indignation on both sides. That it did was rather to the credit of Dickens than otherwise. He was flattered by the welcome he received on first arriving, but found it necessary very soon to denounce the copyright law. Then he tumbled up against negro slavery and all its horrors, and everywhere he went he saw the self-complacency of the Americans. It was at such times that Dickens manifested a divine impatience. To the amazement of the Americans he hotly denounced their copyright system, and especially their injustice to Scott. In describing what happened Dickens wrote: 'The wonder is that a breathing man can be found with temerity enough to suggest to the Americans the possibility of their having done wrong. I wish you could have seen the faces that I saw down both sides of the tables at Hartford when I began to talk about Scott. I wish you could have heard how I gave it out. My blood so boiled when I thought of the monstrous injustice that I felt as if I were twelve feet high when I thrust it down their throats.'

Then he meets with an anti-abolitionist, who argued with him that it was not to the interest of the slave owner to ill-treat his slave. Dickens in describing the interview writes: 'I told him quietly that it was not to a man's interest to get drunk, or to steal, or to game, or to indulge in any other vice, but he did indulge in it for all that.'

'That cruelty and the abuse of irresponsible power were two of the bad passions of human nature, with the gratification of which considerations of interest or of ruin had had nothing whatever to do.'

I come now to the message and teaching of this great writer. Jules Verne once said: 'You have everything in Dickens, imagination, humour, love, charity for the poor and oppressed—in fact, everything.' This all arises, in my view, from his democratic leaning and his glorious love for ordinary and common humanity. Mr. Chesterton writes, 'There is a great man who makes every man feel small. But the real great man is the man who makes every man feel great.'

Charles Dickens was surely one of the latter. In this respect he is a true prophet and teacher for the whole mass of humanity. He had got hold of the Christian idea of the intrinsic value of a man's soul, however poor, degraded, or despicable he might be. When Dickens takes us to the prison, the workhouse, or the slums, we meet there real men and real women, not mere beasts or 'Creatures who once were men,' as Maxim Gorki calls one of his books. Dickens was as earnest and vehement in his denunciation of social evils as any modern socialist, but he had none of the pessimism of the latter. He never suggests that a mere change in material environment would bring about a social millennium. No, Dickens has got hold of the true Christian conception. He denounces the rich and blesses the poor just as Jesus did. As I have said before, when poverty is at the bar Dickens is always for the defence. The result is, Dickens never talked down to the people. He talked up to the people. He approached the people as he would the deity, and poured out his riches and his blood.

This is the way true Christianity has always preached to the people. It has ever asserted that each man could become a son of God if he chose. This is what we mean when we say that all men are equal. Not that one man is as good as another, or that one soul in the eyes of God is of the same value as another. But simply that all men are equal in what they can become, since all are born in the image of their Creator. So, like Christ, Dickens looked for his honest man inside the thief and the vagabond; inside the slum, the workhouse, and the prison. This is the fairy-tale philosophy. All the good people in the fairy tales turn out to be kings and queens, or princes or princesses. The proud and haughty and the rich are the

people who come to a bad end, and the poor and the despised and degraded are the ones who are exalted. So the fairy tales are illustrations of the Magnificat when it says—

'He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts,
'He hath put down princes from their thrones, and hath exalted them of low estate.
'The hungry he hath filled with good things, but the rich he hath sent empty away.'

The story of Cinderella has surely this for its moral—to quote but one example.

Dickens agreed with those writers who assert that the souls of the people are in prison. But to judge by Maxim Gorki and many modern writers, prison would seem to be full of dead souls. Hence the vital difference. He said the slums and prisons and workhouses were full of living souls; and he makes his readers eager and anxious to throw open the prison doors and to let the prisoners free.

To some critics this only means that Dickens was a blatant optimist, and that he did not see deeply enough the misery and degradation of the poor. I wonder, however, who could assert this after reading say 'Hard Times,' let alone all the other books wherein he attacks the Fleet and the Workhouse, the Squeers' schools and nursing, funerals, the Court of Chancery, and so on. If he is to be called an optimist, surely this is the right sort, since it is an optimism in spite of and with a full knowledge of the poverty and hardships of the masses.

Read 'The Chimes,' with its bitter satire on the rich who take it upon themselves to give advice to the poor, and see whether or not Dickens was a mere shallow optimist. 'If he learnt to whitewash the universe, it was in a blacking factory that he learnt it.' If anything, the satire is too bitter and too brutal—at any rate the author gives the impression of boiling over with indignation, and of sparing no pains in the denunciation of sham philanthropy. But the intense realisation by Dickens of the wrongs and sufferings of the poor is so manifest that there is no need to give further examples.

Before, however, we leave this charge against him of vulgar optimism, let us see what his attitude was in regard to evil generally. Did Dickens believe in the devil? or was he like Emerson in thinking that the problem of evil was a disease from which the healthy man did not suffer?

The answer is not very hard to find. There is a real Devil in most of his novels—a veritable Satan struggling with man. Think of Bill Sykes, of Squeers, of Ralph Nickleby, Pecksniff, Uriah Heap, and Quilp. Here we have characters without any redeeming feature whatever. In this respect they are utterly impossible. Yet I claim that here again Dickens shows to what an extent he has got hold of the old Christian conception. His philosophy has the old dualism in it, which is so vital to religion. It is the story again of St. George and the Dragon and of the eternal warfare between God and Satan.

In conclusion, let me refer to Dickens' attitude towards Christmas. Mr. Watts-Dunton says that, 'On that never to be forgotten summer day when London was robbed of Charles Dickens, I was walking disconsolately down Drury Lane, when I heard a girl with a shawl over her head, standing at the corner of one of the side streets, and talking to a companion, exclaim: 'Dickens dead? then will Father Christmas die too?' The girl had probably never read any of Dickens, yet his name had evidently in some way become connected with Christmas in the minds of the people. That it should be so is natural; for if any man loved Christmas with all its associations and customs it was surely Dickens

The whole spirit and idea of Christmas appealed to him—Christmas with its snow and its carol singers, with its eating and drinking and merry-making. 'In fighting for Christmas,' Mr. Chesterton says, 'he was fighting for the old European festival, pagan and Christian, for that trinity of eating, drinking, and praying, which to moderns appears irreverent, for the holy day which is really a holiday. Dickens, we know, loved fairy tales and goblin stories and ghost stories. So he wrote fairy stories and fancies himself, and in this way conveyed to mankind his message of peace and goodwill. Think of the influence 'The Christmas Carol' must have on all its readers—with its beautiful appeal for unselfishness and generosity, with its hope and faith and love, as well as its solemn warning to all men.

When out of England Dickens was miserable. He missed London with its busy

streets, with its fog and its snow. Accordingly, while abroad in Italy, he wrote Christmas stories, to comfort his soul, and filled them with all the customs and features which gather round Christmas in English cities and towns; and we are made to hear again in his Christmas stories 'the sweet story of old'—the song the angel sang to the shepherds on Christmas morning—all about a Saviour who had been born in a manger and who would bring peace and goodwill to men.

'Dickens is dead!' beneath that grievous cry
London seemed shivering in the summer heat;
Strangers took up the tale like friends that meet;
'Dickens is dead!' said they, and hurried by;
Street children stopped their games—they knew not why,
But some new night seemed darkening down the street!
A girl in rags, staying her way-worn feet,
Cried, 'Dickens dead? will Father Christmas die?'
City he loved, take courage on thy way!
He loves thee still, in all thy joys and fears,
Though he whose smile made bright thine eye of grey—
Though he whose voice uttering thy sea of tears—
Is gone, Dickens returns on Christmas Day.

—*T. Watts-Dunton.*

WOMEN'S LEAGUE FELLOWSHIP SECTION

Its Methods and Ideals

GRACE MITCHELL

I EXPECT most, if not all, the readers of the SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY know of the work of the British League of Unitarian and other Liberal Christian Women, with its main objects to 'quicken the religious life, and extend the influence of our churches, and to bring Unitarian women into closer co-operation and fellowship'; but for those who do not, our Annual Report and leaflets can be obtained from our Honorary Secretary (address: Essex Hall).

My immediate purpose is to tell you about our Fellowship work in which I, as Honorary Secretary for the section, am particularly interested.

We Fellowship helpers are busy people. We do not work for the sake of work, but to meet a real and living need, and this section is growing steadily as this need is more fully realised by ourselves and others. About two years ago it was started to keep in touch by correspondence with some old Sunday school girls now living in districts where we have no church. To-day we find ourselves concerned in a world-wide movement which seeks to befriend and help our women wherever they may go, even across the seas, and hold them still in a warm, organised religious fellowship as members there or here of one household of faith. It is, therefore, impossible to sustain and further this work without the active co-operation in it of the members of our churches, but as it concerns itself especially with the welfare of our young women its aims should appeal particularly to all teachers and workers with our elder girls.

The Situation facing the Fellowship

Some of us in this section had been or still were Sunday school teachers. We had not only known our scholars on the Sunday but had joined with them in some of the many week-night doings of our school. Others again of us had been Guild members. We had known from having taken part in this life ourselves the goodwill and eager service for others, the comradeship and happiness which find a home in our guilds, schools, and allied institutions. At times, too, even the youngest of us at our rallies, or united Sunday school meetings must surely have had glimpses of a still deeper comradeship opening for us as conscious, living members of a body of churches dedicated to the highest, sweetest ideals of Christian worship and service offered to men and women. We too would take our part and accept our responsibilities in this full church life for which our schools and guilds had been preparing us.

We have so far been considering the full life found in our churches and schools, not equally rich and vigorous in all alike, but lacking in none. Now in imagination note where our scattered churches are to be found. We have a goodly few up and down the country and for this let us be thankful; but we must realise the fact that for wide districts we should still find it difficult to attend one of our own places of worship on a Sunday.

What can be done?

This, then, was the situation and the question the Fellowship Section had to

consider. Many of our women, fellow members in this full church and school life, owing to force of circumstance have to leave their church home to move to new districts where (1) they may find one of our churches within reach ; or quite probably where (2) owing to distances it would be impossible for them to attend regularly, if at all, one of our own places of worship, or any of the week-night doings connected with it. Can we in any measure, especially in this latter case, make up to them for this temporary or permanent loss of personal church life ? They are members still of our household of faith ; have we, happy in our church homes, no responsibilities to these our fellow members who are now often spiritually isolated and lonely ? Is not theirs a living need, and should we not strive with all our power to satisfy it ? The organisation of the Women's League has at last made it possible seriously to try to meet this often inarticulate longing for fellowship and help, as far as our women and girls are concerned.

Two Main Lines of Action

Our work is alive and therefore is ready to adapt itself as occasion arises, but we have two main lines of such help which depend on (1) whether there is one of our own places of worship or maybe other scattered Unitarians in their new neighbourhood ; or (2) whether such women and girls will be quite isolated from church fellowship. And to make this clear I will give an instance of our methods and experiences in both cases.

I. Many of our young women take up teaching. Often the one or two years' training requires entrance to a residential and at times denominational college away from home. How important, therefore, it is for many reasons that the religious influence and ideals of our churches shall still be kept strong in their new life. Our Fellowship Section has a large field of usefulness here to our college girls. I am thinking of one such young woman we were asked to befriend. One of our Fellowship correspondents, at the place of worship nearest her college, asked her over to a friendly tea, told her of their chapel, and warmly invited her to attend its services regularly. This girl found a ready welcome and is now gladly making it her church home during her two years' course of study. She had already been six weeks at college before we were able to render her this help. We wondered whether a term, or even terms, might have passed, otherwise, without the girl having found and attended one of our own churches. When you are the only Unitarian girl in a church college it needs some moral effort and courage, as well as knowledge of new neighbourhoods, to find one of our places of worship. Our Fellowship Section can make the way easier.

We realise that this work of introducing our women to our churches and to friends in their new district is already done in many cases, and that our help is only supplementary. Our only aim is that the religious fellowship of our women shall not for long be broken ; if others have effected this new introduction and welcome we rejoice. But we have lost, and are still losing, some of our people to our religious communion through removals and emigrations not sufficiently followed up, and as we anticipated, we have already found that such help as we offer and are able to render is needed and welcomed by these girls and women. Ways and means have often to be found to make this church attendance possible, involving correspondence and personal interest and help in each case. Our Fellowship workers are glad to be able to help their often hard-worked ministers in this way, feeling as they do that no trouble is too great and no detail too small which results in drawing in our women from other parts and making them at home in their new congregation.

II. I will now give an instance of our work in the second case where there is no Unitarian or other Free Christian Church in the district. Two of our old Sunday school girls had been living some time in business in a southern town, where the nearest of our churches was twenty miles away. We told them of our Fellowship work, and they both became enrolled as Fellowship members (1/- a year). They now receive our League Monthly Letter, the 'Unitarian Monthly' or other religious paper, and a friendly letter with any special news of our churches each month; and as League members they also share in rendering help to other churches in response to the Appeals Section. Their gladness at thus being personally kept in

touch with our body of people as a whole is very real. They had taken and still take much interest in the doings of their old school and church, but by becoming actual members of an organised religious fellowship they receive the help they need, the nearest substitute for actual church life and membership. We believe that this part of our Fellowship help, to our isolated women, is destined to a great future. It is spiritual comradeship, not for those women who are feeling their way to our faith and who are being helped so splendidly by the Postal Mission and the Van Mission, but for our own people, brought up in and devoted to our churches and schools as we ourselves are. Spiritual isolation is often weakness, spiritual union is strength and happiness, as we Sunday school and church workers know full well. Is not theirs a living need for a full life, and is not the Fellowship Section striving to meet it, and therefore needing all support and encouragement from our own people ?

International Co-operation

May I say here that we are now prepared to offer this help far beyond the British Isles ? Already the International Committee of the Women's Alliance (with its branches throughout Canada and the United States) have offered us their hearty co-operation in this work, and they will welcome with Fellowship help from their nearest Branch any of our own women and girls who leave us for Canada or the United States. My committee want this generous help to be widely known, and ask that the whereabouts of any such women who emigrate may be sent to them *at once* at Essex Hall. They will then pass on this necessary information to the Women's Alliance. We are hoping that similar help will be given when needed by the women of our colonial churches, and later on I may report further on this side of our work. We have no doubt of their goodwill, but we are young as yet, and world-wide organisation takes time.

Readers of this paper will now realise that we are both ready and eager to give such fellowship help where it is wished for. Our constant need now is that we should at once be informed as to the whereabouts of any of our women who may be glad of this help, particularly in those cases where they leave us for abroad or the Colonies, or settle in places where we have no church.

Fellowship Correspondents

Who can supply us with this information ? All or any in our churches, guilds, schools ; but for greater efficiency it would be well to have special people appointed in each—Fellowship Correspondents—who would undertake to tell us without delay of any removals of their women where our Fellowship help may be of use. We already have such Fellowship Correspondents in several schools, often a teacher of the senior girls ; and our local branches also undertake this as part of their League work. Such Correspondents also welcome to their churches any of our women moving into their neighbourhood.

I leave it to my readers to judge for themselves whether this Fellowship work is not infinitely worth while doing and helping. Willing hands and hearts and minds are needed if, by the grace of God, this glad fellowship is to be realised among our scattered women. And in what spirit shall we offer our women this help ? Surely in this—' Not that we have lordship over your faith, but are helpers of your joy.'

Dr. James Freeman Clarke, first minister of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, Massachusetts, once said, ' I am thankful that I was brought up among Unitarians. I have never known a day when God did not seem to me a Father and a Friend, Christ a human brother and heavenly teacher, and Life made for perpetual progress. If sometimes life has seemed a burden and the way dark, I have never blamed Providence or destiny. For this I thank my training.

* * *

Queen Victoria used to give a prize each year —the Queen's Medal—to the most promising student in a ship in which officers for the Royal Navy were trained. Her Majesty drew up with her own hand this list of qualities likely to make the best sailors :

Cheerful submission to superiors ;
Self-respect and independence of character ;
Kindness and protection to the weak ;
Readiness to forgive offence ;
Desire to conciliate the differences of others ;
Above all—
Fearless devotion to duty and unflinching truthfulness.

NOTES FOR TEACHERS

I—XV

I-IV.—New Things

FRED BROCKWAY

This is our subject for April, when the time of the singing of birds, budding of flowers, and blossoming of fruit has come round again, and all about us Nature is rubbing her eyes after her winter sleep, summoning the sun to shine upon the cold, moist soil, to penetrate the atmosphere through and through with cheerful warmth, and draw out into joyous growth and development all kinds of plant life, so to renew the face of the earth with fresh youthfulness, beauty, and vigour. We shall talk of four new things: New Days, New Conditions, New Character, a New Spirit. [See Bible Readings for 1912.]

I.—New Days

April 7th.—Lamentations 3^{22-27}.

Every Spring-time is new. There have been thousands since the world began, but no two ever exactly alike. At regular intervals of time they come, the same number of months between, and we know when to expect them. The thought of the awakening seasons leads us along a pathway of hope through the winter time, hope ripens into expectancy and impatient longing, till hope is fulfilled and spring is here. But never 'the same old spring,' seldom or never 'another spring just like the last,' the same season, the same month, but bringing its own greening of the hedgerows, fast or slow, its own first primrose or daffodil or violet, its own glinting of the sun between broken clouds, its own mingling of sunshine and rain. Old yet new; 'His mercies are *new*' every spring-time.

Have you grieved over your flowers in a summer afternoon, drooping under the excessive heat of the sun's rays? And have you ever been filled with a great delight, going into the garden early next morning, as the sun was just getting to its day's work, to find the dew upon your flowers, giving a freshness of beauty to every petal, as they held up their heads again, and opened out to enfold as many of the gentle morning rays as they could? The same flowers as yesterday, yet new ones of to-day. 'His mercies are *new* every morning.'

Every day is new. It may not *seem* so. You get up at the same time, go to the same school or work at the same time, fulfil the same round of lessons or duties very much in the same way; yet it is not quite 'the same old thing day after day.' Would you like to hear your minister use the same illustration in every sermon, or refer every Sunday to his visit to Egypt, or preach on the same subject? You would get tired, it would prove monotonous. Yet every sermon *is* the same, with its ethical helpfulness and encouragement, and also each is new, made anew, treating of life from some new mental point of view, thus carrying the sense of freshness and newness. And every day the same old lessons, the same old work you can make new. Take it up at the point where you left it, start afresh from a new point; the tiredness of yesterday afternoon is gone, do it with the new life of the new morning; there is no such thing as monotony to those whose work and duties are 'new every morning.' Every day brings new circumstance and experiences, and opportunities to do good, and in these God comes to you in new ways and you see him in a new light. Every day leaves a yesterday behind, promises a to-morrow, and has its own *new gifts* of life, health, strength, faculties of mind, possibilities of happy usefulness. 'New occasions teach new duties.' 'Youth is renewed.' Do not think of growing old. 'There is no new thing under the sun,' said the old sage in pessimistic mood. But to live rightly, strongly, earnestly, heartfully, with high purpose and noble endeavour, is to make and keep life and all that it means ever *new*.

II.—New Conditions

April 14th.—Isaiah 65^{17-25}.

The writer of these verses was a 'Dreamer.' He saw things afar off, that as yet had no existence. And he saw truly, he saw such things as great men have seen all though the ages of history, that poets have sung of, and artists depicted, philosophers imagined, and noble men and women worked and given their lives for. It was no miraculous revelation 'from heaven,' but awoke in his own soul and heart, a longing and desire that lies latent in all hearts, and has stirred a response

from most whenever the Great and Good have given it utterance. It is what Jesus meant when he spoke of the Kingdom of God. And he said, 'This Kingdom is within you.' It was something the writer felt might be much nearer than it seemed, could be made true even then, in his own time, because he felt it was just what God meant human life to be for all men and women and young people everywhere. He looked from the darkness of the people's lives round about him, the misery and wretchedness, the wrong and injustice, the absence of hopefulness, and the dulness of existence, away to the light of the dawn of a New Day, which he felt must arise at last and herald the fulfilment of God's thoughts of love for the world. He saw (1) a *New Happiness*, in which all shared, filling the lives of all people throughout his nation (v. 19); (2) this had followed a *New Healthfulness*, that had conquered pain, and distress, and every kind of evil (v. 20); (3) and all this had come about because men had grown into a great spirit of Brotherhood, all people had come at last truly to love one another as sons and daughters of the All-Father, and love had caused a *New Justice* to rule all their relationships and dealings one with another (vv. 21, 22). His 'dream' continued, and he saw farther still. (4) Out of these new happy conditions, he saw a *New Wisdom* arise, so that when they went to work, they worked in such a way that they were always successful; nature took up the happy chorus of a glad mankind, and out of very gladness seemed to give flowers and fruits out of the soil, and to make the gardener's work like a holiday. rather than a toil. (5) Also, a *New Prosperity* blessed the national life; no more fluctuations or 'bad seasons'; no strife or bitterness to divide it into sections; no sinking back into loss of faith in Good and Truth; because the happy harmony which had woven the life of all into one onward progress, self-interest lost in the welfare of all, the spiritual freedom which all had gained, so quickly revived from the sense of weariness, or spiritual reaction, that they had hardly time to say 'we are tired,' before they were refreshed again, hardly time to say 'we are losing ground' before they were as cheerfully as before moving onward again, hardly time to feel that there was need for prayer, for the renewal of faith, and strength, before the answer seemed to come from God, through the life of his Spirit present in their souls. (6) And so the vision at last fulfilled itself in a perfected Humanity, in a *New World* of Peace and Love (v. 25). The Dreamer saw it as something done, because of his conviction that God meant it to be. It is not yet. 'Come, Kingdom of our God.'

III.—New Character

April 21st.—Ephesians 4^{17-24}.

From the Ideal we turn to that which it requires of us before it can fulfil itself. Side by side with the development of New Things, if they are to be Better Things, must be the growth of character. It is true that 'a mean environment makes a mean man'; and it is also true that good men can make a better environment. The Ideal assists the development of character. It is in itself a mental environment which draws into activity the intellectual and spiritual faculties to realise it as a fact of life. By calling these into exercise it works upon the character, and elevates it. If the personality is really attached to the Ideal, and the Ideal has really gripped the personality, the activity of each will be alternative, the Ideal fitting the personality progressively to serve it, the personality bringing the Ideal nearer by progressively efficient endeavour. The value of developing character must not be lost sight of in the desire to become a helper in the forwarding of the Kingdom of God. With 'Do all the good you can,' must journey also 'Be all the good you can.' If we would 'see the Kingdom of God,' appreciate it, *feel* it, and ourselves as part of it, we must 'be converted,' enter upon a new self-life, 'leaving every day behind something that might hinder,' rise on 'stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things.' It is this 'leaving behind' that Paul emphasises in this passage, as though he felt that if the crust of selfishness, like winter frost upon the soil, were removed by act of will, by stern and resolved self-abnegation, the flowers of goodness, charity, and good-will would blossom forth, drawn upwards by the warm rays of the new Ideal that had come to shine in upon the soul. Especially if the 'putting off of the old man,' or the formerly indulged selfish disposition, were followed by the equally deliberate

and determined 'putting on of the new man,' the acceptance of a new outlook upon life, and a new direction of endeavour. The elements of the New Character are stated to be (1) a *New Mind*, humbly conscious of and urged to persevering activity by its need to 'get abreast of Truth'; (2) a *New Heart*, a new direction of the emotions and affections upon the acquirement of a deeper love of things good and true, and towards the high and noble usefulness of one's life; (3) a *New Faithfulness* or sincerity of conduct towards others; (4) a *New Righteousness*, or rightness of conduct towards others. At the back of this progress in the gradual attainment of newness of character, and in part at least the source of the inspiration towards it is the new realisation of what, as human beings, we really are, discarding the 'old' thoughtless mode of life, knowing ourselves as spiritual beings, who have come from our Father-God, and by the road of high endeavour, reaching forward to the things before and above us, are journeying to God.

IV.—A New Spirit

April 28th.—Ephesians 4^{25-32}

Character is not exactly definable, it is chiefly known by its several attributes or qualities. It is more than individuality, it gives a particular nature to personality. An element which may or may not be actively present in individuality, but is essentially a mark of personality, gathers together the elements which unite in the character,—thought, feeling, purpose, aspiration,—and transforms them by that unity, from being only separate parts of a meaningless (aimless or indifferent) individuality, to become a growing and developing personality, a spiritual organism of co-operating elemental forces, a purposeful life moving onwards and upwards in a pathway of becoming and doing good. This which collects and builds together the qualities of the character is spirit. The kind of spirit a man possesses matters more even than the kind of character. He may have a very defined character, and yet have 'no spirit,' or be of a selfish spirit. Or, his personality may have no clearly marked lines of character upon it, yet he may be of a courageous, or beneficent spirit.

The spirit of a man is seen more clearly and more frequently than in the individuality of his character, in its mutualness, that is, in its relation to his life with others, his words and actions in association with others. Here character is brought to the judgment of *the spirit of the life*, for good or bad; here it is raised to its highest possibility in the spirit of efficient well-doing, of sympathy, of co-working with others, of beneficence, of sacrifice. It is the difference between the tall, consciously upright, individualistic Michaelmas daisy, and the interlocked unity of the viola plant, each flower blooming only to lend its share of beauty to the beauty of the entire cluster. Here we reach the intention of the scripture verses. The members of the community, to whom the letter was sent, are urged to unite their individual faculties and personal qualities in (1) a *New Spirit of Fellowship*, to regard themselves as 'members one of another' in an organism of a common life and aim, losing self-interest in their desire for the welfare of that living unity, and the attainment of that aim in which their at-one-ement is realised. This will bring the workers, at their several occupations and duties, into (2) a *New Spirit of Co-operative Endeavour*, which will be saved from becoming 'too highly organised' and so losing its livingness, by (3) a *New Spirit of Sympathy* with one another's temporal and spiritual experiences, and lifted to a sense of enthusiasm, joy, and blessedness, by (4) *the New Spirit of Seeking one another's good*. This pathway of New Character and New Principles leads step by step to the New Conditions of Life; and the gate to that path bears the motto: 'Every morning heralds a New Day.'

> 'New mercies each returning day,
> Hover around us while we pray.'

Forgiveness

What is it? Is it possible? Why do we need it? Is it any *good*; has it any value in the life of the Christian? These are questions that gather round the doctrine of Forgiveness. And others might also be asked: Why and how are we forgiven, and why and how should we forgive those that wrong us? We might have thought that forgiveness was a subject that is hardly worth consideration; that it had somehow got pushed into religion, and is not really necessary to it.

But as soon as that last question of all is asked, we see clearly that forgiveness has something to do with life, sometimes comes forward prominently, and we are compelled to ask: must I, shall I, *need* I forgive the wrong? And because if done at all, it is a *moral* action of the mind, heart, and soul, it enters into religion, into our connection with God, and leads us to ask further, *Can* God forgive? and is sin ever really forgiven, and if so, how does God forgive, and what effect does his forgiveness have upon the one forgiven, and upon human life generally. So there is much to think of in regard to this subject of Forgiveness, and perhaps the selected passages will help us to find answers to some of the questions, while we discuss—

The Progressive Effects
The Consciousness of Need
The Mutualness
The Activity
} of Forgiveness.

V.—Forgiveness—Remedial

May 5th.—Psalm 32[1-8].

Remorse is the penalty we pay for sin. It is the bitter price which has to be paid for wrong-doing. All sin involves the sacrifice of peace of mind. The effect is not only outside ourselves, upon some other person or persons, but within ourselves also. The evil of wrong-doing is due principally to the harm it causes to others, the wrong it is to them, but we are so wisely constituted that we cannot sin against others without at the same time sinning against *ourselves*. If we are resolved never to wrong others, then, by keeping that resolve, in doing only what is right to others, we save our own souls. Otherwise we sin against the *good-will*, that is part of the very life of the soul. Thus every sin is double wrong, to oneself and to others. And *Remorse* is double bitterness; the harm we may have caused, and the irretrievable word or action, that a fleeting moment has carried away beyond our reach, the contraband cargo with which we loaded it. And left within us is the smirch in the memory that is deathless. Behind all our consciousness is something *white*, a pure spiritual consciousness, that hangs like a thin ethereal veil between our actual personality as we know ourselves and others know us, and God, whom we feel and know (*know* because we feel it to be so) to be there, 'behind the dim unknown, keeping watch above his own.' James Martineau called this *white something* 'conscience.' Against it every wrong thing looms dark, grey, black, an ugly thing, like a cloudiness in the pupil of the eye, that is mentally seen, and comes in the way of the mind when it *looks*, that is thinks, causing *unpleasantness* amidst happy, true thoughts, disturbances amidst right and good feelings, an unrest in the soul, a brand upon one's ideal of what life ought to be, a sting in the conscience. Therefore 'keep a conscience void of offence.' Be true to yourself, and you will be true to others.

Yet, it is good to feel remorse. To be without conscience, without sense of fault, unconscious of mental pain after a mistaken word or action is to be something less than human, to be spiritually dead, or not yet awake and alive to the worth of a life of true conduct. Remorse is in itself an evidence that the soul is not dead, although, somehow, the personality strayed into a wrong action. It is the movement in the soul of endeavour to win itself back to healthy and normal activity after its temporary defeat by selfishness. And this movement is a promise that it will get back, and in returning deepen its resolve to keep a straightforward course of truth for ever after. Every one who tries to live rightly finds it sometimes a battle, and if once or twice the battle goes hard with us, it is heartening to know that we 'are baffled' only 'to fight better,' and right is stronger than wrong and *will* win the day (v. 6); that in the endeavour after the Christian life right intention will be strengthened by the struggle to be true (v. 8); that the love of being true will restore peace of mind, and the happy energy of the soul (v. 7); and in thankful spirit that though we are not so good as we would like to be, nor our actions without fault, yet, there is living desire and purpose within us that bear us on to be and do always the best that we can (vv. 1, 2).

VI.—Aspiration and Forgiveness

May 12th.—Psalm 130[1-6].

But there is a brighter side to the doctrine of Forgiveness; the sense of need to be forgiven not for fault, but for failure,

which is a very different thing. Only those who look far beyond their present attainment can feel how long the way yet to be travelled, how small the progress, how feeble the steps. The other kind of forgiveness had reference to actions done to others ; this is inward and has reference only to a mental and spiritual ideal. Who has no ideal can feel no need of it. They who have an ideal experience this feeling as part of their very life. Only those who climb know how impossible it sometimes seems that they can reach the higher ledge of rock. Yet they cannot cease to climb, though they never gain the higher point, strive towards it they must, as though their very life consisted in the effort, while they breathe they climb. This is the meaning of the saying, 'High failure is better than low success.' An ideal—of character, of usefulness, of some great purpose, into the effort to attain which all the strength of the inward nature (mind, feeling, soul) is henceforth to be absorbed—has *gripped* the man, has identified itself with his being and life, illumined his mind as with a spiritual vision, and drawn towards it all the affection of his soul, with what result? (1) That the consciousness of imperfection is no mere surface sentiment, but a *persistent* pain in his soul, out of which he cries for the possibility of its fulfilment (vv. 1, 2) ; (2) that he cannot be happy in spiritual inertness, but the ideal is an energy within him that keeps his soul alive, awake, eager and active, not daunted by failure, for it is the honest failure of honourable endeavour, and he knows 'there is forgiveness' for that (vv. 3, 4) ; (3) that the attractive power of the ideal sustains his consistency (v. 5) ; (4) that this *longing* is part and parcel of his soul's life ; should he temporarily, intermittently lose feeling towards it, he would consider himself, having lost *it*, to have lost his soul (v. 6) ; (5) that always this ideal is for him a *hope*, his 'hope in God,' that makes him invincible to the attacks of doubt, that gives him the conviction of the real worth of life, that it cannot end in nothingness, in complete failure, that, here and now, or in the deathless future, it *must* lead to triumph, and somewhere, sometime, his ideal will be realized, attained (vv. 7, 8). 'Israel' is a parable, the personification of each one who has 'lost his life' (his selfish self) in order 'to find it' (his higher, truer self) in the service of some high aim.

VII.—The Mutualness of Forgiveness

May 19th.—Matthew 18^{18-22}.

In this teaching, Jesus pointed out that Forgiveness is made real by the perfect agreement of those between whom misunderstanding had come, in the recognition of their unity, being all *human*, and in a humility arising from the confessed acknowledgment, that not one of them is infallible, that error, misjudgment, hastiness, liability to err, cling to all alike. (1) In such agreement is real atonement, the restoring of the 'at-one-ment' of brethren (v. 19). (This passage has not always been so interpreted, but we must regard it in connection *with the context.*) (2) In so behaving towards and with one another we reveal the presence within us of a spirit like to that of Jesus himself (v. 20). (3) The acceptance of the principle of the alikeness of our nature, because after all we are but *human* beings, no one more divine or secure against error than any other, and of our unity as brethren, will give not only humility to our character, but *patience* and *considerateness* to bear and forbear (vv. 21, 22 ; see also I Cor. 13^{4-7}). (4) Forgiving action of this kind, in which, with the strength of heart and soul and mind, the offended pardons the offender, for the sake of brotherhood and love that he will maintain against all feeling that threatens to cause it to fail, brings heaven upon earth, and becomes eternal in its thoroughness (v. 18).

VIII.—The Activity of Forgiveness

May 26th.—Colossians 3^{12-17}.

Forgiveness is not only negative, putting aside the sense of having been wronged ; it is *positive* also replacing unlove with love, misunderstanding with better fellowship, separation with truer unity. (1) The idea of estrangement is its foe, whose attacks it meets with the Christian virtues of forbearance and mercy (vv. 12, 13). (2) It wages a war for peace and unity, in which warfare the commander-in-chief is Charity (vv. 14, 15). (3) Not content with establishing a negative peace, the mere absence of enmity, it plants also the seeds of a new prosperity, and the reunion of those threatened with estrangement

is a festival of song and gladness (v. 16). (4) And the marching song of its warfare against all lurid clouds of ill-will is 'Let Love rule, let Love be King and Queen in the empire of our associated lives and Christian hopes, our purposes and endeavour.'

Gentleness

D. A. S. E.

GENTLENESS must not be confused with weakness. It suggests self-control, and implies strength and power. Think of two persons, one loud-voiced and noisy, the other with a 'voice soft, gentle, and low.' The latter has learned to control the voice and is able in all probability to control thoughts and actions also. Hence strength is shewn in gentleness. Examples from history and literature will be suggested, but the teacher will be able to supply instances from his own reading and experience. In a man, while strength and courage are indicated by gentleness, quietness, and good manners, blustering and shouting conceal the bully and the coward. David acknowledged the strength in gentleness when, after being delivered from the hand of Saul, he said unto the Lord, 'Thy gentleness hath made me great.'

> Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
> Controlled and cleanly night and day;
> That we may bring, if need arise,
> No maimed or worthless sacrifice.
> —*Rudyard Kipling.*

IX.—Gentleness, the mark of the Lord's Servant

June 2nd.—II Timothy 2^{22-26}.

Timothy was a travelling companion of St. Paul. His mother became a Christian as a result of Paul's preaching and, apparently, when Timothy was old enough to understand Paul's teaching he became convinced of its truth (Acts 16), and joined in his missionary adventures. He was entrusted with various important duties, which testifies to Paul's reliance upon him. He was with Paul in Rome, during part of the time of the latter's imprisonment. If only we had Timothy's letters to Paul in our possession what an additional insight it would give us into their relationships.

Advice may indicate the recipient's weakness or the characteristics which the adviser would like to see developed more strongly than they are already. It is probably in this latter direction that Paul's concern lay. He had no wish to see Timothy falling short (vv. 22, 23). One who is eager to do the right thing may forget to be gentle (24) and say harsh things. You cannot win a man over to your side by making him wince. A sharp tongue is a dangerous instrument. 'Let us reason together,' said Isaiah, and persuasiveness will go far to convince. Sarcasm ruins many a friendship, but gentleness will reveal errors without hurting.

One of the most striking instances of gentleness was exhibited by George Washington. His soldiers were disgusted at the treatment to which they were subjected by Congress: they were left unpaid and with but few comforts, and became so dissatisfied towards republican ideas that they actually offered Washington the kingship. To gain a little time to be able to say the right thing he took off his spectacles and wiped them, remarking, 'I have not only grown grey in your service, but nearly blind.' Then his men were ashamed. They withdrew and nothing more was heard of the suggestion.

The Lord's servant must cultivate gentleness and tact, 'in meekness correcting them that oppose themselves' (25).

X.—Gentleness and the Ideal Citizen

June 9th.—Titus 3^{1-8}.

The early church was a missionary church; it was not ashamed of trying to make converts. Titus, a Greek by birth, one of Paul's converts, was left in charge of the church in Crete during Paul's imprisonment. When Paul was with his converts they were eager to follow his lead; when he was away from them they were not so strong and vigorous, and, like John Wesley's converts later, often fell to quarrelling. Titus had a very difficult position to fill: the people had sunk into bad living, *were unstable* (teachers should illustrate meaning of this word) and given to lying. In this epistle Paul advises Titus to warn them against continuing in these evil ways, and to remind them of the proper attitude towards authority Elders had to be appointed in every city. These elders would be leaders in thought and practice. Some people can go alone;

most people like to feel, even to-day, the strong leadership of one who knows what he wants. Titus had to choose out such. If the church recognised the authority of such as these they would become good Christians and good citizens. Gentleness in this case would lead to obedience to rulers and ready submission to authority.

Paul puts the force of what he wishes to see in his church members, in what he has to say to Titus, and no man in a responsible position to-day can escape the point of his advice. He must learn the art of hospitality, treat all who are in the house with him with the same unfailing courtesy—children will know what this means if they are led to consider—

Small service is true service while it lasts,
Of humblest friends, fair Creature, scorn not one;
The daisy by the shadow that it casts
Protects some lingering dewdrop from the sun.
—*Wordsworth.*

He must be a lover of good—tell the good and gracious things he knows of the men of affairs and exhibit them at their best. He must be sober-minded, just, holy, temperate—children of tender years and of maturer will be interested in the saying 'Pride goeth before a fall,' and temperateness in language will be something they can understand. There was a man who used bad language when he saw anything which displeased him: one day he cursed a workman for some thing that was wrong in the works. When he had finished, the workman told him he had made a mistake, and told him quietly but with an obvious feeling of injustice, and that hasty tempered man made a resolve which he never after broke, viz., to be gentle in dealing with his men, and never to use bad language to them. That workshop became a different place. Authority has its obligations, and a gentle spirit will not bring it into discredit.

Govern thy lips
As they were palace doors, the king within.
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that Presence win.—*Edwin Arnold.*

XI.—Gentleness the outcome of true wisdom

June 16th.—James 3^{13-18}.

James, thoughout this chapter, is inculcating self-control. He takes various examples from the outside world to shew the necessity of control, as a means of lessening the stumblings and mistakes which are universal. These examples are: the bridle of a horse, the rudder of a ship, and the tongue of man. Taking the last, the tongue of man, he contrasts it with a fountain, which can only send forth one kind of water, either bitter or sweet, pure or impure, not both. The same tongue, unfortunately, has the power of blessing and cursing, of using gentle words and rough words. Hence the lesson of self-control must be learned. To be able to control one's thoughts and actions is a mark of true wisdom. Jesus taught the same truth in the words 'By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?' A good tree produces good fruit—in the same way true wisdom and understanding produce a good life. True wisdom is to listen to the voice of God—Conscience—speaking in the soul. Listening to this voice, we learn to know ourselves, and we find that in each of us there is a higher and a lower self. By cultivating the higher self we shall show in our lives the fruits of the spirit—gentleness, forbearance, and purity. When members of a community are actuated by jealousy and evil thoughts, they are allowing themselves to be ruled by the lower self, and the result is contention, strife and retrogression.

Socrates is an interesting example of one who knew the value of self-knowledge, and teachers can derive much inspiration and help from a study of the methods of this ancient Greek teacher and philosopher. His favourite motto was 'Man, know thyself,' and in the market-places of Athens he led his students, by the questions he put to them, to a knowledge of themselves, in the light of which they learnt to regulate their lives, master their faults, and cultivate their virtues.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
—*Tennyson.*

King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table may be taken as an example of a community of men who faithfully set out to live their lives guided by true wisdom—the wisdom from above, which James speaks of in the lesson. This band of knights pledged themselves—

Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness.

Teachers will be able to select from Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King' stories of these knights illustrative of this lesson.

The life of Jesus gives us the highest conception of one whose heart was pure, whose strength lay in his gentleness, who grew and waxed strong, filled with wisdom, for the grace of God was upon him.

XII.—Gentleness shown in Patience

June 23rd.—James 5^{7-11}.

Consider the example given in verse 7—the farmer sowing his seed. When he has done all he can to prepare the ground for the seed, he sows it, and then in patience has to wait. For young children this lesson would be made realistic by the class imitating the actions of the farmer in the preparation of the soil, and the seed-sowing. When children sow seeds they often roughly dig them up to see how they are getting on, but the farmer knows that this would hinder, not help, his seeds, so he leaves them to be tended by Mother Nature, whose servants, the sun and rain and wind, are the seeds' best friends. In due time the farmer is rewarded for his patience, when the reaping season comes.

Teachers should remind themselves of this message of the seed. When tempted to feel that words and efforts are vain, let them think of the seed lost in the dark earth, and trust that after putting forth their very best efforts—in the form of carefully prepared lessons given in the true spirit—the seeds thus sown in the hearts of scholars will bear fruit to the glory and honour of their Maker in lives of noble thinking and right doing.

To whom was James writing? To Christians who were living outside Palestine who were finding it hard work to wait in patience for the coming of the Lord. They had evidently not yet learned the lesson, that 'They also serve who only stand and wait.' Dr. Nansen dedicated his book on Arctic explorations to his wife, 'who had the courage to wait'; and the wife of Commander Scott, of South Polar fame, has shewn this same courageous spirit in the strain of waiting for her husband's return by collecting money to pay for his expedition. This is the spirit that James would have these early Christians emulate—for he mentions the patience of Job and the endurance of the early Christian martyrs. Teachers will find noble examples of patience and gentleness in (1) the death of Christ, who suffered the agony, and could say 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' (2) In the martyrdoms of Ridley and Latimer (cf. SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY, Vol. II., p. 153), and Cranmer (Vol. III., p. 15).

Note that there is a special danger into which a period of 'waiting' may lead us. It does not mean stagnation. There is a saying to the effect that many of us are great enough to do things, but it takes a hero to wait, and it is in the time of endurance that the heroic may so easily slip from us. We must not fall into the error of thinking that patience means inaction. Hence James later in the chapter exhorts them to pray, and to sing praise, for it was true then as it is now that if the mind is filled with high thoughts, there is no opportunity for trivial, ignoble weaknesses to flourish.

XIII.—Gentleness in Strong Conviction

June 30th.—Isaiah 40^{9-11}.

The teacher, or the best reader in the class, should read the whole chapter. If there is one who will *recite* it, all the better: there are many noble dramatic passages in the Bible, and this is one of them.

Israel is captive in Babylon. The exile has lasted about fifty years, and the writer of this and the next fifteen chapters *knows* that a change will come and that Israel will be allowed to return to Jerusalem. Israel's God, who is the God of all nations whether they know it or not, is raising up a deliverer, Cyrus, who has made a nation out of various independent Persian tribes. Cyrus shall give the Children of Israel the chance of returning to their holy city.

The writer ascribes the power to God alone. God sets his agent to work, and men and women full of joy return to Palestine, set to work to restore Jerusalem, and realise that they are not forgotten by the Almighty. The people who responded best to the prophet's message were the

poor people : they had little but life to lose and they were readier to lose that than many were to lose their property and sacrifice their comforts. There is a great contrast between the setting out from Babylon and that from Egypt. In the latter case the Israelites were savagely led, and to despoil the Egyptians was a praiseworthy thing ; there is no despoiling of the Babylonians.

The worth of a strong conviction is shewn by the purity of the motive which it inspires. The prophet and the people sought no personal gain, but did hope for the opportunity to develop their national life. Those who seek great ends—the liberty of the subject, the freedom of a people—are not anxious for private advantages at the cost of others, but sink self that those others may have a chance to live a full, rich life. Now this is very difficult for to-day we have no captivity of the Babylonian kind to escape : our duty is to our neighbour, and our neighbour is one whom we can help quite as much as one who can help us (cf. Good Samaritan).

The prophet had large views. So had our countrymen who first entertained the idea of universal education. So had they who decided that the day was not simply made for factories and workshops to be running all hours of the day, and boys and girls, and women and men, doing nothing but tend machinery. Changes were brought about in the conditions of the people by men of strong conviction who were not savage but gentle, persuasive, patient, persistent.

Jesus was a man of large ideas. He seems to have held that all who were alive should have the chance of living a richer life, and so he took care that the mentally deficient, the epileptic, the leprous should be treated with gentleness and consideration. Christian countries have not yet put into practice all they have learned from him.

Now read verses 1 and 2, and ask your scholars, whatever their ages, if there is any section of the people to whom they cannot repeat the message. Ask if there are any whose adversity they cannot set down to the results of sin. As their answer is so must their outlook be. They will become reformers whose gentleness shall shew no lack of strong conviction.

XIV.—The Ruby
F. J. GOULD

An Eastern prince, wearing his crown, went with his son at night-time into a stable where camels were stalled ; and all was very dark. As he stooped, a *precious stone*,—a red ruby,—fell from his crown to the stable floor. Now, the floor was covered with stones and gravel, so the prince said to his son,—

' It is of no use to search, for we may keep picking up *rubbish*, and we cannot tell one stone from another. We will guard the stable-door till it is light, for we know the ruby is in the midst. Wait for the dawn.'

Thus, in the midst of *rubbish* and *waste*, the *precious* thing lay hid ; but it could be *found* by the eyes that waited for the dawn.

I invite you, girls and boys, to look for the ruby,

A teacher examines the work done by different classes of children. Listen to what the teacher says :—

Spelling class,—' Your spelling, Elsie, is very poor. You have spelled ' sauce-pan '—*sorspan* ! But I am pleased to see that your writing is neater than it was.'

Basket-work class,—' Joe, you have made many mistakes in the pattern, but you keep your work much cleaner than you did last week.'

Music class,—' Children, you are singing all out of tune to-day. However, you have been putting a better spirit and expression into the music than last Monday.'

Flower-painting class,—' Oh, Jessie, what a shabby crimson you have put on your rose ; but the drawing of the petals is much improved.'

Do you observe what the teacher has been doing ? She has been looking for the ruby. Do you understand ? Amid the *rubbish* of poor and faulty work, she has *found the things that are precious*,—the neat handwriting ; the clean weaving ; the bright expression ; the careful drawing ; and you may be sure the children are glad when their rubies are brought to light in the dawn.

Many years ago, great was the terror among the folk of the Italian town of Agobio. An exceeding huge wolf ate beasts and men, and no one dared go out into the woods for fear of this evil monster. No one ? Well, the holy man Francis of Assisi dared. Followed by a crowd of

people, he came to the wolf's den, and made the sign of the cross, and cried aloud,—

'Come hither, brother wolf; I command thee in the name of Christ!'

The monster crouched at the feet of Saint Francis.

'Brother wolf,' said the saint, 'much harm have you done to animals, and to men made in the image of God, and all folk hate you. Now, I beg you to change your life, and be at peace with your fellow-creatures; and your wrong-doing will be forgiven.'

The wolf bent its head, and wagged its tail in token of consent. Saint Francis led the monster to the market-place of Agobio, and the townspeople stood in a great wondering crowd. Again, Saint Francis and the wolf agreed together; and the wolf bowed its head, and placed its right paw in the hand of the saint in pledge of good faith. Also, the citizens promised to supply brother wolf with food. For two years, the wolf dwelt in the town, well-behaved and injuring neither man nor child; and then he died, and there was sorrow at his death. Wild and rude had once been his nature, but Saint Francis had *found the ruby* in the midst of the *rubbish*; for *Love* has a magic power to *find the Good* in the hearts of those who seem evil.

A dreadful snowstorm was beating in the faces of two travellers in the Baldisco Pass in the Alps. It was in April, 1910. A girl aged eighteen, and her brother aged twenty-three, were walking across the border from Switzerland into Italy, carrying parcels of wares on which taxes (customs) should have been paid to the customs-officers, but the brother and sister were breaking the law, and smuggling the goods without payment. The Porettis (such was their name) roped themselves together for fear of slipping down crevasses in the ice. A shout! The brother had fallen, and the rope tightened round the girl's waist. Thrusting her ice-axe firmly in the snow, and holding hard to it, she bore the shock, kept her feet, and felt her brother hanging heavy on the rope, though he was out of sight in the crevasse. Would she also be dragged down? She would not detach the rope, though she might have saved herself from peril by casting off her brother. Through the long hours of the night,—thirteen hours,—she held on, and waited for the dawn. Then a party of men passed, and saw, and rushed to her aid, and pulled up her brother,—dead. She said her brother had now and then spoken in a weak voice, and at last told her he was about to sleep. The girl was a heroine. Yet people would have called her a smuggler,—an evil-doer, as, indeed, she was; but there was a *ruby* in her soul, and it was found.

My last story shall be from Spain. A poor Spanish labourer, out of work, resolved to rob the first person he met. This first person was a waggoner, who was in charge of a load of rice and beans.

'Halt,' yelled the robber. 'Give me your money.'

The waggoner paused, then handed over his money,—all he had,—thirty dollars.

'I am obliged to do this,' said the robber, 'my family are dying of hunger.'

Presently, as he watched the unhappy look on the waggoner's face, he exclaimed: 'Here, my lad, take these back. One will be enough for me.'

At this he handed twenty-nine dollars to the waggoner.

'My friend,' said the grateful waggoner, 'may I give you something out of my cart?'

'Yes; I should be glad of a gift of rice and beans; and,—here! you can take back this dollar, too!'

The waggoner gave the robber a bag of food, and also pushed five dollars into his hand.

''Tis luck money,' he urged. 'I owe it to you. You must have it.'

The robber accepted the gift in joy, and the two men parted in peace. And so, in the heart of the robber (another 'brother wolf,' shall we say?) the *ruby had been found.*

Look for the ruby.

Analysis of Lesson.

1. The idea of the precious concealed amidst the worthless.
2. Illustration from children's school experience in the detection of the good elements among the inferior.
3. A mediæval legend suggestive of the same process applied to apparently bad characters.
4 and 5. Two illustrations from real life.
6. The lesson closes with a significant hint (which should on no account be laboured and lengthened).

Note.—The story of the Spanish robber is taken from Dr. Havelock's Ellis's *Soul of Spain*, published in 1908. The ruby incident is from the Persian poet Sadi.

XV.—Boys and Girls of the Bible

A Boy in a Crowd (John vi. 1–14).

H. FISHER SHORT

Our lesson is contained in one of the wonder-tales told about Jesus. After the Master had been put to death by men who did not understand him, those who loved him enshrined his memory in parables or, as I have called them, wonder-tales. 'Never man spake like this man,' they said. 'Never man lived like this man,' they believed. And they were right. His words and his life were beautiful, and his influence upon men was amazing. At his call, they would leave their business, distribute their possessions, live nobler lives. The strange compelling power he possessed, they could not understand. But they felt it, yielded to its constraint, and when they attempted to describe it they felt it could not be exaggerated. And so, besides recording some things he really did, they invented stories in which he is represented as healing the bodies as well as the minds of men, feeding their bodies with bread as well as feeding their minds with truth, even raising their bodies from death as well as enabling them to live a new spiritual life. In this way, their wonder, their reverent astonishment, found utterance. And we shall do them and him an injustice, and miss the aim and helpful spirit of the stories, if we read them as matter-of-fact history instead of as parables and poems, which they really are. Bearing these things in mind, let us now turn to our story.

One day, after preaching to crowds of people beside the Lake of Galilee, Jesus crossed the water to a hillside where he sat down with his disciples. But the people who had heard him gladly, hurried round the lake to the place where he was resting, hoping, doubtless, he would speak to them again. When Jesus saw them, he realised they were hungry and a long way from their homes. Turning to Philip, one of the disciples, he said, 'Where can we buy sufficient loaves for these people?' Philip evidently knew how much money Judas, their treasurer, had in his bag, so he said, 'We have only two hundred pence, and that would not buy enough bread to go round, even if we only gave to each the tiniest bit.' Here Andrew, another disciple, spoke. 'There is a lad here who has five barley loaves and two fishes, but they would not go far among so many.' But Jesus said, 'Tell the people to sit down'; and the whole company, numbering about five thousand, sat down. Jesus then took the loaves and fishes, said 'Grace,' and began to break off pieces, which he handed to the disciples, who distributed them to the hungry people. And though he continued to break the food, it was not exhausted even when the disciples had supplied everybody with a satisfying meal.

This was remarkable, but it was not all. When the meal was over Jesus said, 'Gather together the broken pieces that remain over, so that there be no waste.' Obeying, the disciples filled twelve baskets with the broken bread that remained of the five barley loaves.

When they saw what Jesus did, the people said, 'This is of a truth the prophet that cometh into the world.' And well they might, had such a thing taken place; but we know it did not. As we have already seen, the story is a parable, and it teaches us that the spiritual sustenance of the message of Jesus is inexhaustible.

In this lesson, however, we are chiefly concerned with the lad who had the five barley loaves and the two fishes, the boy in the crowd. He is the pivot on which our lesson turns.

In our story we have a hungry multitude of people, which, in a very telling respect, symbolises humanity. Mankind is always in a state of hunger. It needs many things — goodness, truth, beauty, but especially service. True there are saints and scientists and artists; there are also workers of many kinds. But there is need for more and still more. Moreover, day by day, these servants and toilers are passing from this world into the unseen. In other words, one by one, they die. Hence, the hunger of humanity is continuous; the need for service goes on. What then? 'There is a lad here.' Or, as George Macdonald has it,—

> From off the earth the vapours curled,
> Went up to meet their joy;
> The boy awoke, and all the world
> Was waiting for the boy.

You, the boy in the home, in the Sunday school, are the boy for which the world was waiting—is still waiting. As the lad in the parable, out of his little store, supplied that which, in the hands of

Jesus, was able to appease the hunger of thousands; so every lad, with his slender equipment, may become, in the hands of God, a servant of humanity.

What do we mean by his slender equipment? The boy in the Bible had five barley loaves and two fishes, which symbolise what we have in mind. Every normal boy has five senses. You know what they are: we call them the sense of touch, of taste, of smell, of sight, of hearing. Sometimes they are named the five gateways of knowledge, sometimes the windows of the soul. If a boy were born without them, he could know nothing of the world in which he lives or the people among whom he moves. But necessary as these are, he has two other things equally essential, and even more important. Can you guess what they are? If we call them the head with which he thinks and the heart with which he feels, you will understand what we mean. We may say, then, the boy's equipment consists of sensation, thought and feeling—principally, thought and feeling.

And this is your equipment for service, for life. With this you have to meet the need of the world. After all, it doesn't seem very much for such a task, does it? Well might you say, 'What are these among so many?' And yet Plato, and Dante, and Shakspere, and Jesus had no more. It is admitted, of course, that even as boys their heads and hearts were finer than those of the boys with whom they played; but if they had not used them aright and devoted them to noble ends, they would not have helped and blessed humanity as they did.

We are sometimes told 'there is plenty of room at the top,' that is, there are always superior positions for men of great ability. So there are. There is always room for the great prophet, poet, musician, statesman, inventor, financier, organiser. Why? Because the way to distinction is steep and narrow and few be they that climb it. Nor could all do so who would. But whilst it is impossible for all to scale the heights of power and fame, it is also true that there is plenty of room at the bottom. Every boy may become a good man, a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, a true citizen, a helper of the helpless; like Abou Ben Adhem, he may be 'one that loves his fellow-men.' When the history of his time is written, his name may be absent, but not his influence. The local newspaper may know nothing of him, but he will help to mould public opinion for all that. Though absent from all printed records, his name shall be written in the Book of Life, for he shall increase the value of the race.

Noble helpful lives, however, are not the result of accident but of endeavour. If a boy would be a 'ruler over many things,' if he would be an influence for good over many lives, he must begin by being 'faithful over a few things.' He must live in the spirit of the homely lines,—

> If I were a cobbler,
> I'd make it my pride
> The best of all cobblers to be;
> If I were a tinker,
> No tinker beside
> Should mend an old kettle like me.

Whoever and wherever he be, let a boy try to live up to that in the home, in the day school, in the Sunday school, as son, as brother, as scholar, as friend, and God shall use him and his slender equipment for the blessing and enrichment of many. And, as in the parable the bread was more than sufficient for the needs of the great multitude, so shall his love, his thoughtfulness, his power to serve, increase in the using. Let every boy and girl—and this lesson is for girls as well as boys—resolve to consecrate their powers and faculties to God and the good life, the life of cheerful and unselfish service, and life for them and those they serve shall become 'one grand sweet song.'

LILYBLUSH

A Revision and Interpretation of Grimm's Snowdrop

E. C. HIGGINS

ONCE upon a time, in a very lovely country, where the grass was green and the sky was blue, where there were hills and valleys, meadows and orchards, smiling rivers and springs of clear water cool and refreshing to drink in the summer time, and where the flowers were all the colours of the rainbow, there lived a great king and a beautiful queen with their infant daughter, a charming little princess. This queen was not only beautiful herself, but

she wanted to make everything about her beautiful too. She used to make all the lovely dresses worn by the flowers in the palace garden, by the buttercups and daisies in the meadows, by the forget-me-nots that grew on the river bank, and by the primroses and violets, the bluebells and foxgloves in the woods, and she loved to sit at the palace window and admire all the flowers in their gay costumes.

Now it happened that just under the window where she used to sit there was a magnificent bed of pure white lilies, and one day as she was sewing there, making a pretty cloak for her little girl, whom she wanted to look gay like the flowers, she pricked her finger, and a drop of blood fell on one of the lilies below. She started, and when she saw the bright red blood on the pure white lily she said, 'I should like my little girl to grow up as white as those lilies, as red as that blood, and as black as this ebony window frame.' So she called her Lilyblush.

And her wishes came to pass, for the Princess Lilyblush grew up with a skin as pure as a lily, her cheeks as red as roses, and her eyes and hair as black as jet. But the queen's wish meant more than that. She knew that every little girl has thoughts and feelings and a will all her own; and she wanted her little girl's thoughts to be as pure as milk, her feelings to be warm and affectionate and to spring from the heart like hot blood, and her will to be firm and true like an ebony ruler. In this respect also the queen had her wish, for little Lilyblush never thought anything ugly, mean, or unkind, she never felt angry or peevish or miserable, and when she did a kindness she did not mind if it cost her a little trouble or a scratch or two, and she always said 'no' when tempted to do wrong and 'yes' when asked to do right, and she always kept her word.

One day when Lilyblush had grown a big girl, the queen died. All the trees tore off their leaves and threw them on the ground, swaying themselves to and fro for grief, and moaning piteously; the flowers stripped themselves of all their gay clothing and went into mourning; and the river stopped running and turned quite hard, while it became so cold, and food so scarce, that at night you could hear the wolves howling outside the palace walls.

To make matters worse, a new queen began to reign, whose name was Necessity. She was not kind and beautiful like the last, but plain looking and hard-hearted. She made her step-daughter, the beautiful princess Lilyblush, put on her meanest clothes, and then turned her out of doors to earn her living. The poor girl was unused to this kind of treatment, and didn't know what to do or where to go, and wandered aimlessly for many miles. Every now and then she thought she heard the growl of some wild beast, and was frightened, but she had been so well brought up that she escaped them all, for, you know, the worst wild animals are those we carry about with us, and when they get us into a lonely place sometimes where no help is near, if we are not very careful they will tear us to pieces. They are the tigers of cruelty, bears of temper, and wolves of greediness.

At last she came to a cottage a long way off among the mountains, and as it was getting late she went to the door and knocked. Nobody came. She knocked again, louder than before, but there was no answer; so, after waiting a little longer, she lifted the latch and went inside. It was a little cottage, and this is what she saw. There was a long table in the centre of the room laid ready for dinner. There were seven tiny little plates, seven tiny little knives and forks, seven tiny little rolls of bread, and seven tiny little glasses of water, while round the table were seven tiny little chairs. Princess Lilyblush was so hungry that she ate one of the tiny little loaves of bread and drank one of the tiny little glasses of water. Then she went upstairs. There she found seven tiny little beds, and being tired she threw herself down on the biggest of the seven and went to sleep.

Now this cottage belonged to seven little dwarfs who used to spend all their days in the mountains digging for gold, and when they came home each evening they would eat and drink and then go to bed. There was not a book in the house; perhaps if there had been they would not have been such dwarfs, but people who eat and drink and sleep and do nothing else all day but hunt for gold are always dwarfs and never grow any bigger, because you know the mind wants food as well as the body, and I want all of you boys to remember,

that none of you can grow up to be great men unless you read and think.

When it began to get dark the seven little dwarfs came home, and of course they soon saw that something unusual had happened. One found his bread gone and another his water, a third found his knife and fork out of place, while a fourth found his chair had been moved. Then, as they could not find out who had been there, they lit their seven little lamps and went upstairs. There on the biggest bed they saw little Lilyblush fast asleep. She looked so lovely that they did not disturb her but let her sleep on, and when bedtime came they agreed to take turns in watching her all night while the others slept, for although they were dwarfs they had big hearts. In the morning they shared their breakfast with her, and she told them all about her long walk the day before, and of the cruel treatment of her step-mother in turning her out of doors; whereupon they asked her to be their housekeeper, and for her own sake not to let anybody enter the house when they were out of the way.

Now Necessity was a cruel step-mother who, not content with turning the princess out of doors, set enquiries on foot, tracked her to where she had gone, and then sought to lead her into temptation, as Necessity sometimes does. She went to her disguised as an old pedlar woman one day, while the dwarfs were all out looking for gold, and tried to sell her some haberdashery. After some time she succeeded in selling her a stay-lace and then went inside to put it into her stays and do them up for her. She was jealous of the princess's beauty and wanted to destroy it, and she pulled the lace so tightly that the princess fell down as if dead; then she left her. She knew that to destroy a beautiful character you must first attack the feelings, and so her first object was to make her less kind to others by lacing her up so tightly and binding her heart that it should not have so much room for affection. But when the little men came home they undid the lace and little Lilyblush recovered somewhat and was able to resume her household duties.

In a few days the step-mother came again and although the little housekeeper was too wise to let her inside again, she was induced to buy a splendid comb to wear in her hair. This comb was poisoned, and no sooner had it touched her head than Lilyblush swooned a second time and appeared more dead than alive. When the seven little dwarfs came home they found her still on the floor, but the cause of her condition was not so easy to find out as on the first occasion, because her mind had been affected. Now you all know that the brain is what we think with, so that when that is disturbed the thoughts instead of being pure become muddy and thick. Presently, one of them touched the comb and Lilyblush began to revive a little. They couldn't understand her, for directly she became conscious she was haughty and proud, and seemed to think a great deal of herself and began to talk about the faults of other people, and it was not until they removed the comb altogether that she was at all reasonable. They were really alarmed for they had never known their little housekeeper so eager to think ill of others before, so they washed her head and bathed her face and put her in the open air for a little.

Still the cruel step-mother was not satisfied; when she heard that Lilyblush was about again she determined to pay her another visit. She saw the mischief she was doing and it made her anxious to do still more. She knew, however, that great caution was necessary and that her next visit must be carefully planned. When, therefore, she thought that the princess had had time to get over the shock of the poisoned comb, she disguised herself as an old fruit seller and took some apples to sell. Lilyblush was upstairs making the beds when the apple-woman knocked at the door; but she wouldn't come down, having been deceived by hawkers twice before, so she contented herself by going to the window and shaking her head. But the apples looked so tempting, so ripe and so good, that she could not resist opening the window to have a better look at them. The scent wafted up to her was so delicious that it made her mouth water; yet she would not buy. Still, she had met the temptation half way, and so when the old pedlar offered to share an apple with her without any charge she could not resist, especially as the old dame began to eat her own half with great relish. Lilyblush caught the other half which was tossed up to her, but no sooner

had she bitten it, than she fell back dead with the apple between her teeth.

The queen, her step-mother, saw her fall, and guessed what had happened, for she had poisoned that half of the apple, and went away chuckling and delighted. Necessity had at last succeeded in breaking the girl's good will, so that at the finish she was not led either by reason or by conscience, but by appetite and inclination.

When the little men came home this time they found their little housekeeper stiff and cold, and when they tried to remove the apple from her mouth they could not do so, for it had turned to stone. There was nothing to do but prepare her for burial. The idea seemed very dreadful and very absurd, for she looked beautiful even in death, with something of the old look she had when first they knew her. She was like a beautiful marble statue, so beautiful that they decided not to bury her, but to put her in a glass coffin and keep it outside under a tree, that they might always see her as they went in and out. On the coffin they had her name Lilyblush engraved, and the fact that she was a king's daughter.

One night not long afterwards, when all the dwarfs had gone to bed, a bird flew to the coffin to mourn over its occupant. It was an owl. There had been a kinship between the owl and the princess of late, for the owl is a lonely bird which looks straight before it, and has not eyes at the sides of its head like other birds to see the misery around, and is supposed not to look after its own young; since the stay-lace tragedy and the closing of the princess's heart of compassion, they had been very much alike. The next night another bird came to mourn over her, this time a raven. The raven is black and often feeds on field mice and small birds. It has a bad reputation as having a taste for carrion, and since the experience of the poisoned comb even the princess had learned to relish slander and gossip.

One day soon after this there came a dove to mourn. Now although the princess had become so owlish and ravenish before she died, she had retained many qualities of the dove. The dove is a gentle and loving bird, and it was said that when the goddess Venus, the mother of love, used to travel from place to place in the Grecian islands her chariot was drawn by doves. This visit of the dove was prophetic too, for not many days after a handsome prince was passing that way, and seeing the inscription on the coffin under the tree he went up to look at it, and he was so overcome with love for the dead princess that he waited till the dwarfs came home, and then begged them to let him take the coffin away with him, so that he might keep it at the palace and have it always within sight. At first they refused, but when they saw how deeply he was moved and that he would pay them well—the dwarfs were always on the look-out for gold—and that after all a coffin was not of any real use to them, they agreed, and the prince carried the coffin away on his shoulder. But he had not gone very far when a miracle happened. The glass cracked, the apple fell out of Lilyblush's mouth, and she began to talk and ask where she was. Then the prince told her all: how he had seen her in the glass coffin under the tree, and read that she was a king's daughter; and how he had loved her so much, although dead, that he had made her his own; then he asked her if she would be his wife, and she found herself in the prince's arms.

And now that I have finished my talk I must give you my text. You will find it in the first Epistle of Paul to Timothy, the fifth chapter and the sixth verse: 'She that giveth herself to pleasure is dead while she liveth.' All you little girls are the king's daughters and all you boys are the king's sons; but if you give yourselves to pleasure, you may seem to be alive but you will be spiritually dead. You may be very pleasant to look at, but if you live only for yourselves it is just as if you were enclosed in glass coffins. There is, then, only one road to life and that is through the gate of love. Only love is strong enough to undo the evil effects of selfishness. Remember Lilyblush, and may your thoughts always be pure as milk, your hearts warm with the spirit of sacrifice, and your wills as firm and true as an ebony ruler.

The right, beautiful, happy, true—are not all these one,—or different aspects of one reality? —*W. E. Channing.*

Men have laboured for churches more than for religion.—*W. E. Channing.*

Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an Unseen Hand at a game?—*Tennyson.*

PHILIP FINCHETT'S FIRST SERMON

An Echo of the the Great Railway Strike

A LAY PREACHER

PHILIP FINCHETT was an ambitious young man. It was said that he had some ability, but it was a recognised fact that his ability was a long, long way behind his ambition. That, however, did not discourage Philip. Possibly he was ignorant of the fact. He had read that young men should be fired with a worthy ambition in life. Great and illustrious men had said that, and Philip wanted to become great and illustrious. His ambition was to become a famous preacher. He felt that he had the power within him to inspire the people with beautiful ideals and to arouse them to worthy and noble actions.

When he went to church, or to chapel, he often experienced a sense of disappointment. To him the preacher never reached a lofty standard. He was a man who was barren of ideas, or he expressed those ideas badly. He had no 'soul' in him. On such occasions Philip felt that he would like to have helped him. He would like to have shown him how to do it. Nay, though he was only an unemployed lay preacher himself, he would like to have done it for him. But he never got the chance.

He attended the services, almost regularly, at the chapel in the village where he dwelt. He was never absent except when the opportunity presented itself for him to hear some well-known preacher. Then he would travel far to drink in the wisdom of these learned men and to study their manners. In this matter he was sufficiently broad-minded to include all denominations. He had heard robed bishops of the Established Church and unrobed bishops of the non-Established Church. He had read all that he could about the great divines of the past, and he longed for the time when he could emulate or surpass them. But the time was a long while in coming.

It came unexpectedly. He received an invitation to take the evening service at a village chapel some ten miles away. He was transported with joy. He was about to accept the invitation at once, but he reflected that custom and dignity demanded that he should defer answering the communication for a few days. Still there was no doubt about the answer. It was the supreme moment of his life, perhaps the turning-point of his career. He already saw, in imagination, the congregation divided into groups after the service, and each group praising the sermon, and all feverishly asking who this eloquent preacher might be. Sometimes his vision extended further than that, and he saw himself stationed in London, with a reputation and a following not less than those of Spurgeon, Parker, or Campbell. He knew that he would have to work hard. He knew that he would have several jealous rivals, but that was nothing. His course was clear, and victory certain.

In due course he accepted the invitation, and was soon completely absorbed in preparation. Text after text was selected and rejected. Some were too common and some were too narrow in their application. He wanted plenty of room for the imagination to soar. It was strange how he had known so many and remembered so few. He was almost getting into despair when he came across the passage—'And there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.' That was the text for him. That would give scope for his oratorical powers and let his most delightful fancies play. He would contrast the old with the new, and what a picture he would draw. And how beautifully he would paint the new heaven! Ah! how the people would linger on his words. How real it would all seem to them. He would make a home in the new heaven, and on the new earth, for the new religion. What a glorious theme it was. His fame was as good as made already.

Each night he took a walk in the country and there he held forth to the birds and the beasts, of the wonders of the new heaven and the new earth. As he warmed to his subject his voice rose above the noise of the cattle, and above the whistling of the winds, as he depicted the horrors of the old world and the beauties of the new. His arms shot upwards and forwards, and swung about with remarkable rapidity. The horses and the cows began to run, the fowls made haste to fly, and the winds seemed to rush onward as though in fear.

One evening Farmer Booth was enjoying

a quiet smoke in his yard, and viewing with satisfaction the yield of his crop, when he heard an unusual noise, and, turning round, saw the frightened cattle galloping from the fields, whilst in the distance a man was gesticulating wildly and shouting excitedly, as if he were driving them away. The farmer sent his dog after him, but Philip, divining his message, thought it prudent to retire as swiftly as possible.

This episode, however, did not unduly interfere with his outdoor rehearsals. He simply changed the venue. Instead of the fields he conducted his exercises in the lanes. Here he secured the enthusiastic attention of the children, who gazed with wonder at his eccentricities.

Meanwhile the eventful day approached. He began to wonder whether he should write and read his sermon, or whether he should rely upon his inexhaustible flow of thought and language. His only doubt was that, this being his first attempt, he might be a little nervous, and consequently not quite so logical as he usually was. Under the circumstances it might be wise to write the sermon and hold it in reserve. He had heard it said that some of the best public speakers and preachers did this. So he wrote it.

At last everything was ready and he awaited the day with confidence. He consulted a railway guide and selected a train which was due to arrive in sufficient time to allow him to take his bearings and measure the acoustic properties of the chapel. Unfortunately the Great Railway Strike interfered with his arrangements. There would be no trains that week-end. The chapel authorities wrote to him wishing to know if, under the circumstances, he would be able to fulfil his engagement; and he replied that it would take more than a railway strike to prevent him carrying out his promise.

'What is a ten miles walk?' he said to himself; 'I would do it if it were twenty. Besides, it will give me an excellent opportunity to rehearse on the way. Good! the Great Strike will turn out for me a Great Blessing It is a pity, though, that I declined that invitation to tea. They might have renewed it when they knew that I intended to walk the distance. However, I will take a sandwich in my pocket, and I shall be able to step right off the field on to the stage—I mean the pulpit.'

So it was all settled. The service was to start at 6-30, and he started out at 3 o'clock. It was a beautiful day, and Philip was in high spirits. He walked the first two or three miles across the country quite easily, but the day was warm and he began to perspire. He frequently wiped his face and his neck with his handkerchief until the handkerchief became wet and he was obliged to hold it out in his hand to dry. As he could no longer keep the sweat from his starched collar it began to soften, and finally the starch disappeared altogether, and the collar hung in loose and ungraceful folds about his neck. He began to grow a little disheartened and just a little weary. But he plodded on.

Eventually he came to a clump of trees and he determined to have a rest, at whatever cost. Besides, he was sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun, and in the quiet shade he might venture on a final rehearsal.

'Ah!' he said, 'how foolish I was to offer to walk all the way. They might have sent a motor car for me; possibly they would have done. But I never thought of that. What a fool I have been; and how shall I get back? Bah! I have no fear of that. When they have heard me preach they will vie with each other for the honour of sending me back in a taxi-cab. But, taxi or no taxi, I must have another rehearsal, so here goes.' And forthwith Philip took off his hat and laid it on the ground. He pushed his fingers through his hair in the approved manner, and stroked his chin. He adjusted his coat, stretched his waistcoat, looked at his watch, and commenced:—

'Ladies and gentlemen—I beg pardon—I mean Christian brethren, my text speaks of a new heaven and a new earth. It does not mean a new heaven in the sense that we speak of a new coat or a new hat. No, my friends, it means—it means—ah! it means—now what does it mean? I thought I could have done without my manuscript, but I must have just one look at it. I am upset a little with the heat and the long walk. Now let me see what my paper says——'

He pulled the manuscript out of his pocket and was proceeding to unroll it when he saw two men and a dog coming quickly towards him. He did not wait for a closer acquaintance with them, but,

hastily replacing the papers in his pocket, he resumed his journey as speedily as appearances, without loss of dignity, would permit. The dog, however, followed him. So he walked faster. Still the dog gained on him, and yet faster he went. It seemed to be a very persistent dog. The walk developed into a trot, but even then the dog was not satisfied. It was now almost at his heels, so he started to run as fast as he could. He did not want to show fear, but he did not mind even that, if the dog could be kept at a respectable distance. But the pace was killing; he could not keep it up.

Suddenly an idea struck him. His sandwich! Why not throw it to the dog? Feeling in his pocket, as he ran, he pulled out a small parcel containing the sandwich. At the same time he unconsciously pulled out his manuscript sermon which fell unnoticed upon the ground. The dog heeded it not, and Philip was ignorant of his loss. His thoughts were concentrated upon the sandwich. It was no use whilst it was tied in a parcel, and it was difficult to untie it whilst he was fleeing from the dog. By a supreme effort, however, he succeeded, and then, unwrapping the paper, he dropped the sandwich as he ran. The pursuit ceased at once. The dog seized the meat and allowed Philip to proceed alone.

But his plight was pitiable. His face was dirty and wrinkled with sweat. His collar and front were crumpled beyond recognition, and his shirt clung to his back with the greatest tenacity. One of his cuffs had deserted him and the other hung limp and disconsolate upon his wrist. He was not fit to preach, now, if he ever reached the chapel.

By and by he came to a small stream. It was only a little stream, but its waters looked so cool and refreshing that he was tempted to linger by its pleasant banks. He thought of Rebecca at the well, and an unexpressed wish rose in his mind that some such fair creature might appear, with a can or a jug, so that he might get some water to quench his thirst. But, as there was no prospect of such a welcome assistant, he determined to help himself. He lay on the grass and succeeded in getting his mouth to the water. Oh! how delicious it was. He drank again. Unfortunately he had forgotten his silk hat, which seemed to have an objection to reclining in a horizontal position, for it tumbled headlong into the stream and sailed majestically away.

Philip gave chase as quickly as possible, but the hat had the advantage of a good start. It danced merrily along, colliding occasionally with stones and other obstructions, but veering round them and darting onwards afresh just as Philip was reaching forward to secure it At length he overtook it, but in place of a glossy and beautifully brushed hat, there was a soft receptacle for dirt and water, and the silk appeared to have been brushed the wrong way, whilst the shape seemed to have suffered by its contact with various obstacles on the way. But it was all that Philip had, so he poured out the water and gently brushed the silk with his coat sleeve, and then put it on his head again.

He cut a sorry figure when he arrived at the chapel. He could scarcely persuade anybody that he was the person who was engaged to preach. They stared at him very suspiciously, and, as an excuse, they assured him that the service was about half over. Philip was disappointed, and begged to be allowed to take his place, so they said that he might take the sermon if he would wash and brush himself up a bit. He was directed to the vestry, where he proceeded to wash his hands and face. He feared to take off his collar lest he could not get it on again. When he had finished he looked rather more presentable, at a distance, but a closer inspection revealed a great contrast between his face and his neck. He had no time, however, even if he had the inclination, for a complete bath, as he was hustled into the pulpit and informed, in a whisper, that it was his turn to officiate.

It was a trying moment. He stood bewildered as he faced the congregation. He felt that they were all looking at his dishevelled appearance. Had they noticed he wondered, his unwashed neck? Were they gazing at his dirty and crumpled collar? Why were they all staring at him? What had he done? Suddenly he remembered that they were expecting him to say something. They were expecting to hear him preach. He wiped his forehead with his dirty handkerchief, and made an effort to collect his thoughts.

'Kind friends,' he said, 'I—I hope you

are kind friends. I—I—I hope—that—that you will not—will not mind my—my disorderly appearance. I am—I am not disorderly, I can assure you. I am—I am a victim of the Great Railway Strike. I have walked ten miles to preach here to-night, and I am hungry, thirsty, and weary.'

A low murmur of sympathy went round the congregation as Philip said this, and he felt encouraged.

'But I do not complain,' he went on; 'my cross is light compared to some. If I can speak a word of comfort and of hope to you I shall be satisfied. My text to-night is taken from the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Revelation, and is the well-known phrase, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth!"'

'Now, what do we mean by a new heaven and a new earth?'

Here Philip's mind involuntarily wandered back to his rehearsal on the way and his unexpected breakdown at this point. What if he should break down again? Instinctively his hand sought his pocket for his manuscript, and a pallor spread over his countenance as it sought in vain. The manuscript was not there. Perhaps, in his hasty retreat, he had put it in the wrong pocket. He felt in all his coat pockets, but without success. A cold shiver seized him as he realised his situation. Suppose he had lost the manuscript. He dived both his hands into his trousers pockets to ascertain if it had strayed there; but it was not there. He even felt in the corners of his waistcoat pockets, but no sermon could be found. He returned to his coat pockets, but with the same result.

During this search Philip had naturally ceased speaking, and the congregation followed his movements with the greatest curiosity; and, as he travelled from one pocket to another, the suspicion gradually dawned upon them that he had lost something. Everybody became interested. He had at least succeeded in arousing the undivided attention of his hearers, and by the time that he had concluded his search everyone felt and knew, as well as Philip, that the sermon was lost.

Still he would not despair. With a tremor in his voice he began again:—

'As I was saying, what do we mean by a new heaven?—what do we mean by it? Yes, ladies and gentlemen—I beg pardon—I mean dear brethren. Dear brethren, what do we mean by a new heaven? Have we ever—I ask, have we ever seen a new heaven? Have we ever,—have we ever——?'

It was no use. His ready flow of thought and language had failed him. In vain did he re-explore his pockets, whilst the congregation watched and pitied him.

The inevitable came. Pulling himself together with a great effort he said: 'Dear friends, I hope you will bear with me. My disappointment is greater than yours. I have been most unfortunate. I have already told you that I had to walk here, a distance of ten miles. That is scarcely correct. Part of the way I had to run. I was pursued by a ferocious dog. Probably my sermon was lost during that race. I am deeply sorry, but it cannot be helped. May we close this service now by singing that beautiful hymn, "Lead, kindly light; amid the encircling gloom"?

After the service Philip hurried to the vestry for his hat, and tried to escape from the building as quietly as possible. At the door two men were waiting to see him. They had a dog with them, and Philip recognised the dog as his competitor in the great race. The dog was friendly now, and looked up to Philip with a sort of gratitude for favours yet to come. The men had called to say that they had found a manuscript sermon on the way, and as a note on the cover stated that it was to be preached at Bank Top Chapel on that date, they had decided to deliver it there when passing.

Philip thanked them for their kindness, and thrust the ill-fated sermon into his inside coat pocket. Going out into the street he noticed that the people were standing in groups, and that they watched him very curiously. He had no doubt that they were asking one another who the preacher was, but he felt that the question was not put in that spirit of admiration which he had hoped for.

When thou hast been compelled by circumstances to be disturbed, quickly return to thyself, and do not continue out of tune longer than the compulsion lasts; for thou wilt have more mastery over the harmony by continually recurring to it.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Difficulties are the things that show what men are. *Epictetus.*

SHELLEY'S 'TO NIGHT'

W. LAWRENCE SCHROEDER, M.A.

In his invocation 'To Night,' Shelley is using imagery partly derived from classical mythology. From her union with her brother Erebus, the god of darkness, Nox, or night, the daughter of Chaos brought forth Day and the Light. She was also the mother of Somnus, the god of sleep, whose minister Morpheus is, to call up the dreams for his drowsy lord.

By the Lacedæmonians the image of Somnus was always placed near that of Death. In the Homeric poems Death is the twin-brother of Sleep, and the child of Night.

Shelley, with poetic licence, makes Death the brother of Night, and gives a dual gender to Day. Night was regarded by some of the poets as 'the mother of all things'; she was represented as 'mounted on a chariot and covered with a veil bespangled with stars.' Both Sleep and Death were thought of as dwelling in the darkness of the farthest west. But sometimes they were represented as children in the arms of Night.

The poet with passionate longing desires the swift approach of Night. He is not yet out of love with life; death will come in the speedy fulfilment of time. He is not eager for sleep; his heart is beating wildly, and his thought is streaming out into the distant spaces of the universe. But he is tired of the garish day, with its noise and tumult and stabbing pain. He would be quiet, and let the silent influences of the night saturate his weary spirit and bring the relief that day denies. All day long, from misty dawn through the dew-drenched hours, and the slumbrous heat of noon and the lingering splendour of departing day, he has longed for Night, with her wonder of stars and beauty of floating cloud. In her distant eastern cave, through the solitude of the day, she has been weaving dreams of gladness and sorrow, joy and fear, passion and tears. But now she will come and scatter her sable hair o'er the tenderly luminous face of day and lull her with kisses into the repose of weariness, and into the gracious mystery of the dark. Then with beneficent wand she will travel far and wide, touching the eyelids of the sorrow-laden, and the world-tossed, and the mind-weary, and the tired in body, until they sink into the silence of sleep and the rest of forgetfulness. So, to the goddess of Night the poet with insistent passion calls—

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

The poem is an expression of a mood. It disdains the recital of specific ideas, and pulses with the passion of a vague dissatisfaction. It is instinct with a feeling for the wide depths of infinite darkness, and the star-strewn spaces of the heavens. It shows the selective love of the poet for nature. Day, with her high lights and definite experience, has little attraction for him. He desires the mystery and imaginations of the Night. The poem is characteristic of the subjectivity of Shelley. It was written at Pisa, in the very hey-day of his lyrical power. It is full of music and metrical harmonies. The faint surging of sorrow may be heard in its lines. Its movement varies with the motion of passion, now rushing swiftly, and again delaying with the very weariness of desire. It is 'of pure imagination all compact,' and is significant of the dream-like motives that swayed in rhythmic fashion in the verse of Shelley.

A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS

CLARA T. GUILD

THE Tuckerman School at Boston, Massachusetts, was established four years ago for the purpose of preparing its students for Sunday school and parish work. The question might naturally be raised, 'Why make special preparation to do a work that has been done for years by devoted persons who have had no preparation other than natural fitness and experience?' The answer would be that high purpose, noble example, and Christian virtues are fundamental to-day as they have always been; but life with all its complexities and distractions is a very different problem from life in years gone by. Conditions brought about by wealth and by lack of wealth, by progress in science and in industry, require changes in methods of administering affairs of the church as well as those of the community. Secular schools have employed for many years only those teachers and supervisors who have had either experience or training or both. For many reasons the more vital work of religious training has been considered less important than that received in secular schools and has received less emphasis. But this is changing. Churches are challenged by the changed conditions to do a larger work than they have undertaken before, and they need assistant workers to meet the new and increasing demands. Preparation by study and thought and practice becomes a necessity.

In starting the Tuckerman School a course of study was planned covering two years, with a diploma to those satisfactorily completing the work at the end of that time.

Since there is a variation in age and equipment of students, an elective course covering one year was arranged which includes elected subjects most needed by the applicant. College graduates and others of proficiency and experience are thus enabled to prepare in less than the regular time. To such students a certificate is awarded at graduation.

The subjects included in the curriculum are study of the Bible and memorising great passages, Christian history, Unitarian history, expression through the voice, elementary psychology, and material and methods of teaching in Sunday schools and Sunday school organisation. Shorter courses in story telling, in home nursing, in food values and cooking are given in alternate years, the latter courses being specially arranged for those preparing to be parish assistants. Students of the School join classes at Simmons College and receive instruction in hygiene, sanitation, and philanthropic problems, these subjects having special bearing on the future work of the students who must meet and understand many social problems. A course of Social Welfare lectures is given at the school, which also aids in the preparation, the problems discussed differing in different years. This year's lectures have to do with the health, delinquency, and recreation of children. Such lectures as The Physically Defective Child; The Mentally Defective Child; The School Physician; Play as Medicine; Outdoor Games; Children and the Theatre; Sunday Recreation; The Work of the Probation Officer, are included in this course, and each lecture is given by one who has made a special study of his subject.

The fee is sixty dollars a year for each student taking the regular course, and appropriate fee is paid for shorter courses.

There are three hour sessions five mornings in the week. Each student not only teaches or superintends on Sunday, but all regular students do assigned social work amounting to at least five hours a week.

The work of the school is administered by the Dean and a number of regular lecturers who are under the wise direction of the President, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, and an able Board of Managers. To the President is due the initiative and foresight that made the school possible, as well as the inspiration which renders it increasingly efficient.

He who studies nature and denies God is as a man who reads a book and denies that it had an author.—*W. E. Channing.*

The world's real conquerors are those who hold in quietness their land of the spirit.

What is it that God says to the ear of earth,
That it attends thereto and rests steadfast?—
Rumi.

Accurate recollection, especially of injuries, is not characteristic of the magnanimous man. —*Aristotle.*

BY THE WAY

CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS are asked to communicate with the Editor, 4, Ella Road, Crouch Hill, London, N.

* * *

PAUL: HIS LIFE AND TEACHING. By James Drummond, D.D. (S.S.A., 1911. 1/6net.) 'I have here attempted to express a few of the thoughts which the great Apostle and Saint has spoken to one listening disciple; but I am far from pretending to have exhausted his meaning. I am as surely convinced that my imperfect thought and knowledge will vanish away in a more glorious light as I am that this mortal tongue shall soon cease. And yet I trust that through old age and death and worlds unknown, faith, hope, and love will still abide and grow from more to more' (Preface). By this disciple's attitude of one who is altogether such as Paul the aged we are drawn to Paul 'as an actual man just as real as John Wesley or General Booth.' He is not set forth as the originator of an independent Christianity, for 'unless it had really become aggressive before his conversion it is difficult to understand why he was such a violent persecutor' (36). Yet he was the ablest preacher of this new faith and had a great advantage as a missionary in combining in his own person three great civilisations. He was a Jew by birth, a Greek by language, and a Roman by citizenship. As to his conversion, 'those who love to trace the grandest issues to the meanest causes attribute it to a flash of lightning or a fit of epilepsy. . . . Others talk of a great man as the product of his age, as though great men were turned out like manufactured goods by the thousand or million. . . . I am content therefore to leave the conversion of Paul among the unexplained occurrences of the spiritual world' (51–2).

The Pauline Epistles are described as casual letters written in a popular and emotional style on matters about which the writer had been asked from time to time. Dr. Drummond thinks that the letters *to* Paul, if only they had been kept, would have been valuable evidence of the kind of authority in which Paul was held. Dr. Drummond sternly characterises certain neo-Baurian opinions as exhibiting the 'foolery of criticism' (75). Even Baur accepted the genuineness of the four great Epistles, I and II Corinthians, Romans, and Galatians. The advantage of passing beneath the temporary controversy to the underlying principle is that our faculty of discernment gains a valuable discipline. 'We receive from the Epistles mental and spiritual culture rather than dogmatic imposition' (77). 'It is one of the most remarkable things about Paul that he himself recognised the uncertainty of knowledge, which he declared would pass away, and instead of fixing the permanent essence of Christianity in an orthodoxy, found it in the finest features of spiritual character, faith, hope, and love' (81).

There was one kind of knowledge which to Paul was abiding, and that was the knowledge of the glory of God as it appeared 'in the *face* of Christ.' Dr. Drummond is here at his best in illustrating the rich meaning of this non-theological facial revelation. Yet the theological Paul is made wonderfully easy, and Sunday school teachers could not find a better initiation than this into the mind of Paul on such matters as the law, election, and the person of Christ. The last chapter—'Paul's moral teaching'—contains a wealth of references both to epistles and gospels to show that Paul had caught the true spirit of Christ and was not a mere dry as dust theologian.

* * *

MR. MARIN LAWRENCE said at a recent Conference that he knew one man who carried his SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY in his pocket on his engine, and studied it at odd times. It was a most useful adjunct.

* * *

AN EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW.—Dear Sir, I am forwarding you herewith a postal order for 21/-, the subscription from Accrington Unitarian school to the Sunday School Association funds. It may be of interest to your Committee to know that it is in answer to your Secretary's letter in October last. Our teachers and officers each gave one shilling, and we had a collection in the school last Sunday, Prize-giving Day. I hope we shall be able to make it into an annual subscription. Faithfully yours, W. Howarth, Hon. Sec. January 16th, 1912.

* * *

NATIONAL HOME READING UNION.—The Union is influencing over 75,000 children to care for good and healthy books. It assists adults of all ages and provides special courses of reading. Book Lists have been prepared by many eminent men and women who often act as contributors to the Union's monthly magazines. The Reading Session runs from autumn to early summer, but members and 'Circles' may be enrolled at any time. Fees range from 1/- to 4/-. Full information from the Secretary, 12, York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C.

* * *

DR. E. A. HORTON, for many years President of the American Sunday School Society, writes: 'Mr. Townsend's statement about his Sunday school carried me back to a visit I made to Sioux City, and the admiration I had for the school then, with lawyers, judges, and many adults taking vigorous part in the class work and exercises.' This is the sort of comment to make English workers wish they could transport some of this Sioux City enthusiasm to this country.

* * *

THE BIBLE LITERATURE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE. E. Savell Hicks (Sunday School Association, 2/- net). The chief feature of interest in the unique history of the Hebrews is their well-preserved literature, and its enduring worth. The value of the Bible is its intense humanness, the records of a nation's vicissitudes and manifold experiences that gained their intensity from its inherent conviction that morality is the true national safeguard and defence. The result is a book in which all sorts and conditions of men may find reflections of their own feelings and longings, and national as well as individual aspects of truth, not miraculously revealed, but issuing from hearts that throbbed, and souls that yearned even as our own. Mr. Hicks has related the story of this nation from their settlement in Canaan to the early

Christian centuries in a concise form, qualified to prove useful to young students setting out on the path of Biblical research, from credulity to a reasoned and reasonable knowledge of the origins of Christianity, and the true setting of the gospel incidents in the line of history and theological controversy. The timidity which forbids critical investigation of the Bible is completely removed by the evidence brought forward to show the freedom with which the Hebrews themselves criticised their own scriptures, Jahvist, Elohist, Deuteronomist, and the Priestly school rivalling one another in zeal to correct one another's records, and eventually allowing all the versions to remain embodied in one book, that time and research might reveal the false and the true alike. Mr. Hicks has done well to give larger space to Isaiah, Paul, and the Wisdom, Logos, and Gnostic philosophies. We should like to have read more about Amos, and perhaps he is somewhat hard upon Ezekiel, who was, at least, the starting-point for some later spiritual discernments. Leaders of classes will find this work a good help to them when engaged upon the study of the results of scholarly minds who have made more real for us the book which, as our author says, 'Comprises all that is gracious, beautiful, and inspiring in the annals of the race,' and in whose 'resonant language we seem to see and hear the pulsing of those mighty forces which guide and direct the steady gain of man.'

* * *

Festival Hymns and Tunes (John Heywood, Manchester, 1d.). We would bring to the notice of workers concerned in the musical portion of Sunday school and church life the publication of the Manchester Sunday School Union 'for Whitsuntide and other special occasions.' Much is heard at the present time about mental suggestion and the important part it plays in the education of the young. Teachers in the Junior and Primary Departments will welcome Nos. 2, 4, and 8. Expressing, as they do, complete sympathy between hymn and tune, they cannot help leaving upon the child mind a healthy impression. Through all the melodies there runs a forceful rhythm which is most stimulating. The setting to Mr. Blatchford's 'Softly the silent night' will make a place for itself in 'quires and places where they sing.'

* * *

A Short Introduction to the Bible, Gilbert T. Sadler (Williams & Norgate, 2/6 net). If there were less living interest in the Bible than there is there would be fewer books written about it. The flow of volumes on the subject shows no sign of diminishing, and the curious would doubtless like to know how many have been issued since the Twentieth Century began. The more rationally the Bible is treated, the wider and deeper the interest in it becomes. Mr. Sadler has joined the rationalist interpreters. Doubtless Professor Cheyne is not satisfied with the result, but it will serve many a thoughtful student until the Professor himself accomplishes what he demands. Mr. Sadler acknowledges his indebtedness to a goodly array of writers, some of whose books have appeared at Essex Hall, and then gives a rapid and lively survey of Bible literature and the problems of scholarship to be faced. We can heartily commend it to our readers.

* * *

Among the Idol-Makers, L. P. Jacks (Williams & Norgate, 5/- net). Mr. Jacks believes in doing a thing 'for the fun of the thing.' He also holds that men and women get, on the whole, what they deserve. We hope he is coming into his own, but who would have expected the successor of William Turner in the Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Manchester College to indulge in such light and airy fancies as we have here? Yet Lewis Carroll lectured on mathematics and wrote 'Alice in Wonderland,' so why not a professor of philosophy the light pages 'Among the Idol-makers'? If they are light they are not flimsy. They are rich in thought. They show that Mr. Jacks has not forgotten what must have been a happy boyhood and young manhood, and they give hopes that he will one day publish a sequel, say 'The Castle Builders.' We like the first story immensely but we are distressed that the hero should be termed a liar: he is no more a liar than Mr. Jacks himself. The book will amply repay the reader who admits the right of an author to demand thought, and he will rise from the consideration of any of these chapters more alert to overcome the difficulties of the uncommon daily round. We seem to have known Rodright several times. But is not the last sentence in the story inartistic?

* * *

The Home University Library (Williams & Norgate, 1/-). Psychical Research, F. W. Barrett, F.R.S., is written by one of the founders of the Society for Psychical Research. Plain people will be fascinated by these pages and will wonder that so much of what they know and think about is 'psychical.' 'Superstition is the arrest of reason and inquiry, an ignoble and groundless belief. But in every case where science comes in at the door superstition flies out of the window.' Hence there are grounds for scientific psychical inquiry. The only gateways of knowledge according to physical science are the familiar organs of sense, whereas psychical science indicates that these gateways can occasionally be transcended. There are chapters on Thought-transference, Mesmerism, Hypnotism, and Telepathy which will set readers thinking and lead to a suspension of judgment in things they do not understand. A book like this makes life and all that underlies it more and more marvellous. The 'fearfully and wonderfully made' of the psalmist is intensified.

History of Our Time, 1885–1911, G. P. Gooch, M.A. This is a very handy book, fresh and vivid in every chapter. Many a reader would find familiarity with its pages lend clearness of understanding to his daily and weekly newspaper. The chapter on *The Latin South* is of especial interest in the light of recent events, and some will wonder if there is another 'Adowa' in store as a blessing in disguise for Italy. As revolutions go, that in Portugal seems to have been accomplished about as cheaply and smoothly as any during the present century.

THE EVOLUTION OF INDUSTRY, D. H. Macgregor. The organisation of industry is the device by which the growing needs of an increasing population are met at the lowest cost. Resources are newly sought out in undeveloped land areas and processes are improved, but man no longer makes things for himself. He fills a place in a system which somehow makes all things for all people. The evolution of industry has produced a new aristocracy; competition is a contest for monopoly or the nearest thing to monopoly, and the new aristocracy in this country has cultivated the art of industrial leadership, of industrial risk-taking, and has not failed. 'The industrial system is such that the wage-earner is paid off at a rate which is supposed to discount his risk. It is because of this that he loses his claim to govern the internal affairs of the firm. Then the actual pay which he gets over a certain time is what the employer expected he would be worth when he offered him that rate at the beginning of the contract.' This book states conclusions, acceptable to some but unacceptable to others. We should like to hear it discussed in certain clubs and assemblies which we know. The facts might be admitted, but the justice of them, the Christian principle which tolerates them, would certainly be most vigorously contested.

Other books in the Library, which we can only name, are THE PAPACY AND MODERN TIMES, William Barry, D.D.; ENGLISH LITERATURE: MODERN, G. H. Mair, M.A.; THE DAWN OF HISTORY, J. L. Myers, M.A.; ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH LAW, W. M. Geldart, M.A.; ASTRONOMY, A. R. Hinks, M.A.; INTRODUCTION TO SCIENCE, J. Arthur Thomson.

* * *

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE will be held in Birmingham, April 16—19. Two hours will be given to the discussion of 'Our Congregational Life and Institutions'—five papers, of which two, 'The Sunday School' by Mrs. Dowson, and 'The Guild' by Rev. J. J. Wright, will be of exceptional interest to our readers.

* * *

STORIES FOR YOUNG HEARTS AND MINDS. Under this title Mr. F. J. Gould will bring out another book this summer. The publisher will be Mr. George Allen. The volume will gather up articles contributed to various magazines, among them THE SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY. We cannot understand how any teacher can be in difficulties with Mr. Gould's lessons at hand for suggestion and illustration. See especially 'The Ruby' in the present issue.

* * *

HOSPITALITY has received apostolic approval. It is a very human inclination to desire to show hospitality, and when our schools go out of their way to invite the teachers and scholars of 'Special Schools' to spend an evening with them they are doing a good thing. But it costs money! Of course it does, but that is a poor school indeed which cannot raise funds from its members in order to show kindness to those who are less blessed.

* * *

OXFORD SUMMER SCHOOL.—The Committee of the Sunday School Association wish to draw the attention of superintendents and teachers to the Oxford Summer Session to be held at Manchester College from June 28th until July 6th next. It is hoped that all schools will be represented. In some instances where there is difficulty on account of cost the friends of the school might combine to defray the expenses of one of their number who would then go as their delegate and in return give a report of the proceedings.

The objects of the Summer Session are:

(1) To endeavour to raise the ideal of Sunday school teaching by infusing that enthusiasm which naturally results from the union of those who have interests in common, and by the devotion of a certain time to the study of subjects bearing upon their word; and

(2) To give members the opportunity of visiting the colleges and other places of interest in Oxford, and for meeting together in friendly intercourse.

The Programme of Proceedings and full details will be sent to the schools in May. Principal Carpenter has promised a short course of three lectures on Religion in the Time of Jesus which should be especially useful to teachers, and other friends have promised their assistance.

* * *

SPEAKING DAYS.—This is a volume of sermons preached at Essex Church during 1911 by Rev. Frank K. Freeston. Some of them will appeal to elder scholars because of their recognition of what is manly and womanly, and others to Sunday school teachers because of their adaptability to a teacher's needs. We draw attention to *The Lady Chapel of Humanity* (III) dealing with the 'comrade ideal,' and suggested by the Lady Chapel of the new cathedral at Liverpool; to a *Confirmation Address* (V); and to *Martyrs and Confessors* (VIII) with its special reference to St. Bartholomew's Day. Several prayers are happily included. There are also ten medallion portraits. The book may he had at Essex Hall.

* * *

JOHN POUNDS AND RAGGED SCHOOLS and FATHER MATHEW AND HIS TEMPERANCE CRUSADE (6d. each, Essex Hall) are sermons preached this year by Rev. Frank K. Freeston. They tell of the interest the author takes in biographical story and should commend themselves to those who like to see straightforward religious people at work. These men saw what they could do and never flinched.

* * *

EXTENSION.—'Would you lend us a room for services?' was the question put by an enthusiast to a well-to-do friend. 'With pleasure, if I had one large enough,' was the answer. To-day that man's house is used as a political club, and one of the rooms has two billiard tables in it! If that enthusiast had been content to start in a cottage he could have made a beginning. Padiham began in a cottage and there never were such times, nor such enthusiasm.